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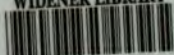
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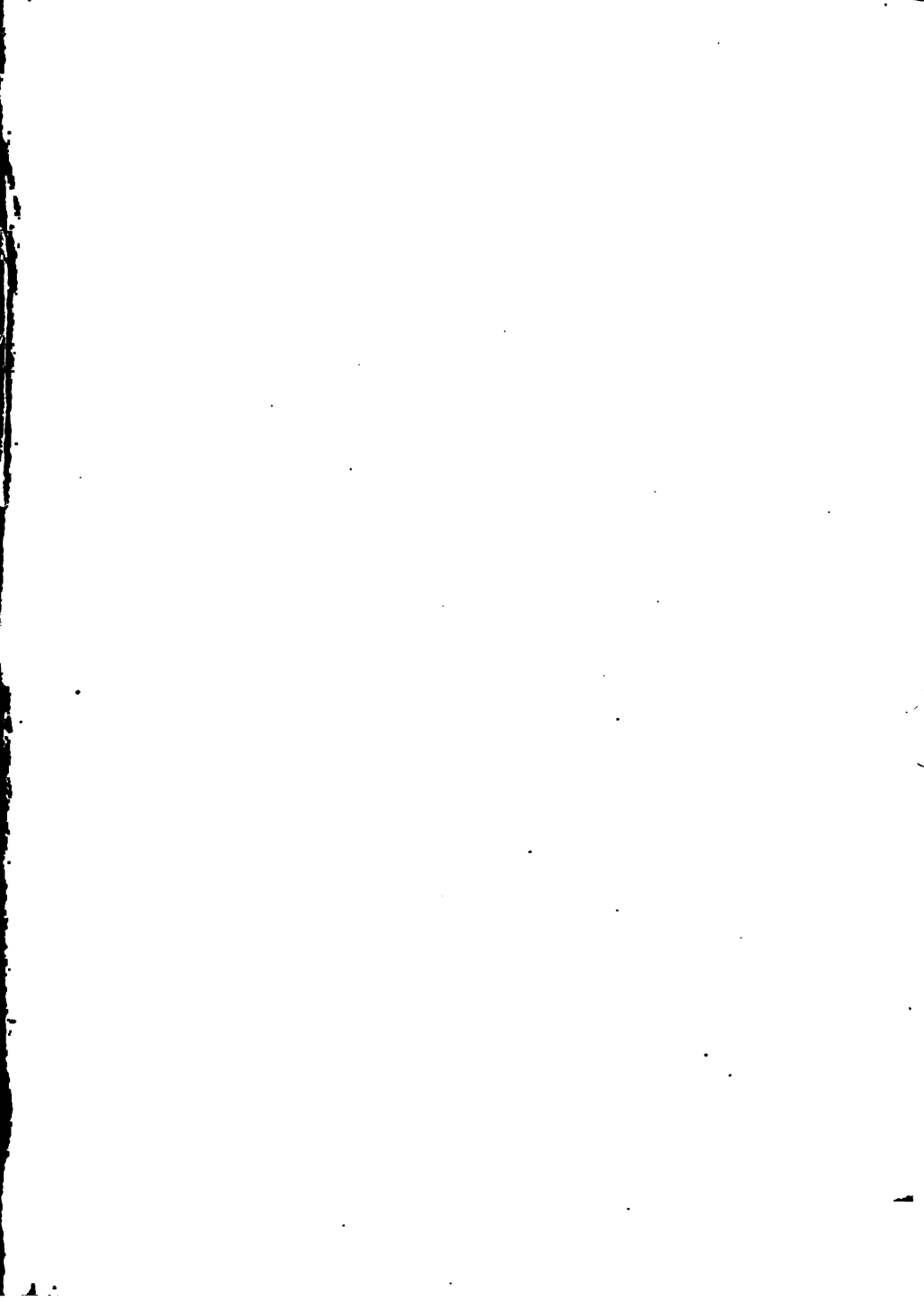
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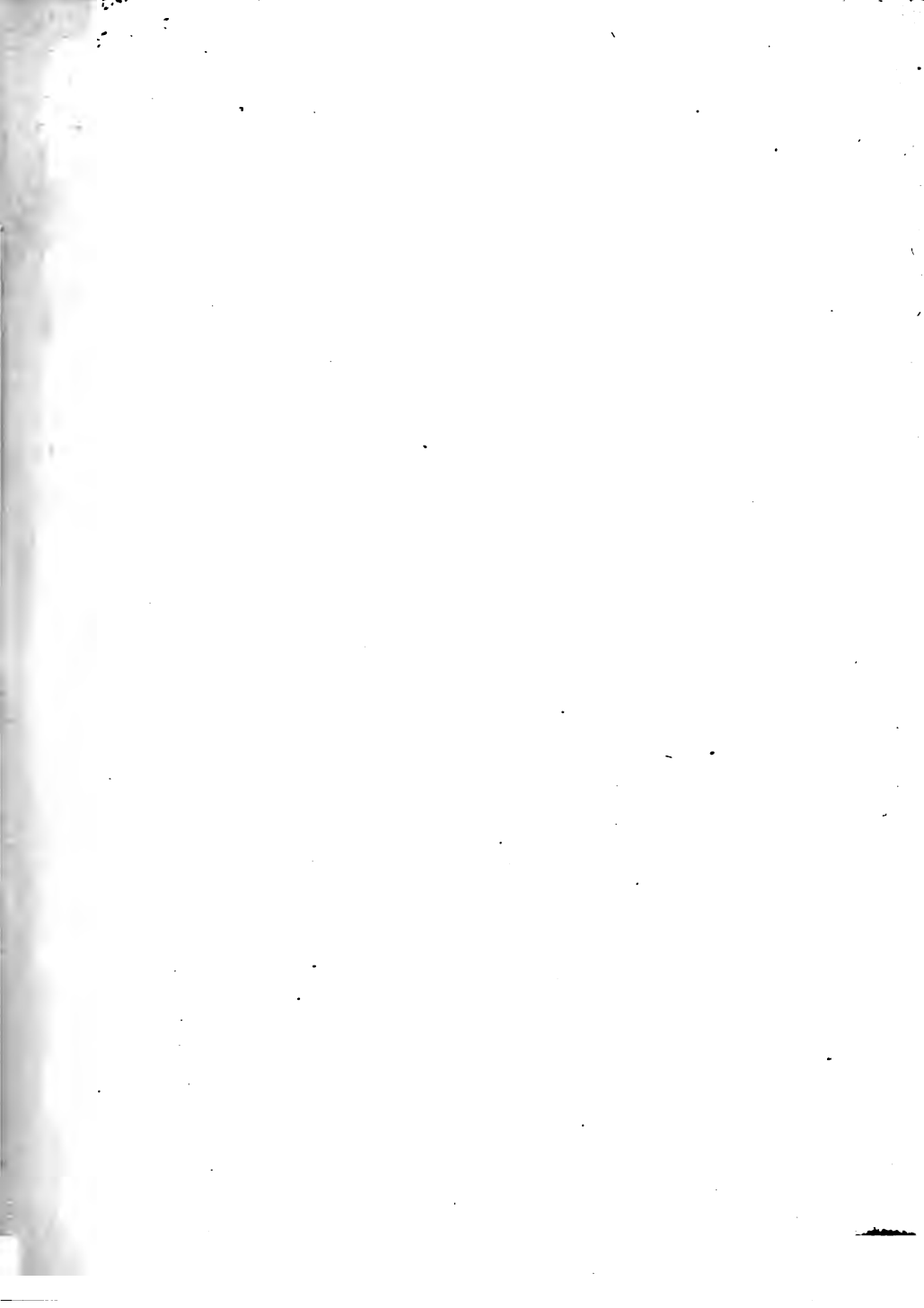
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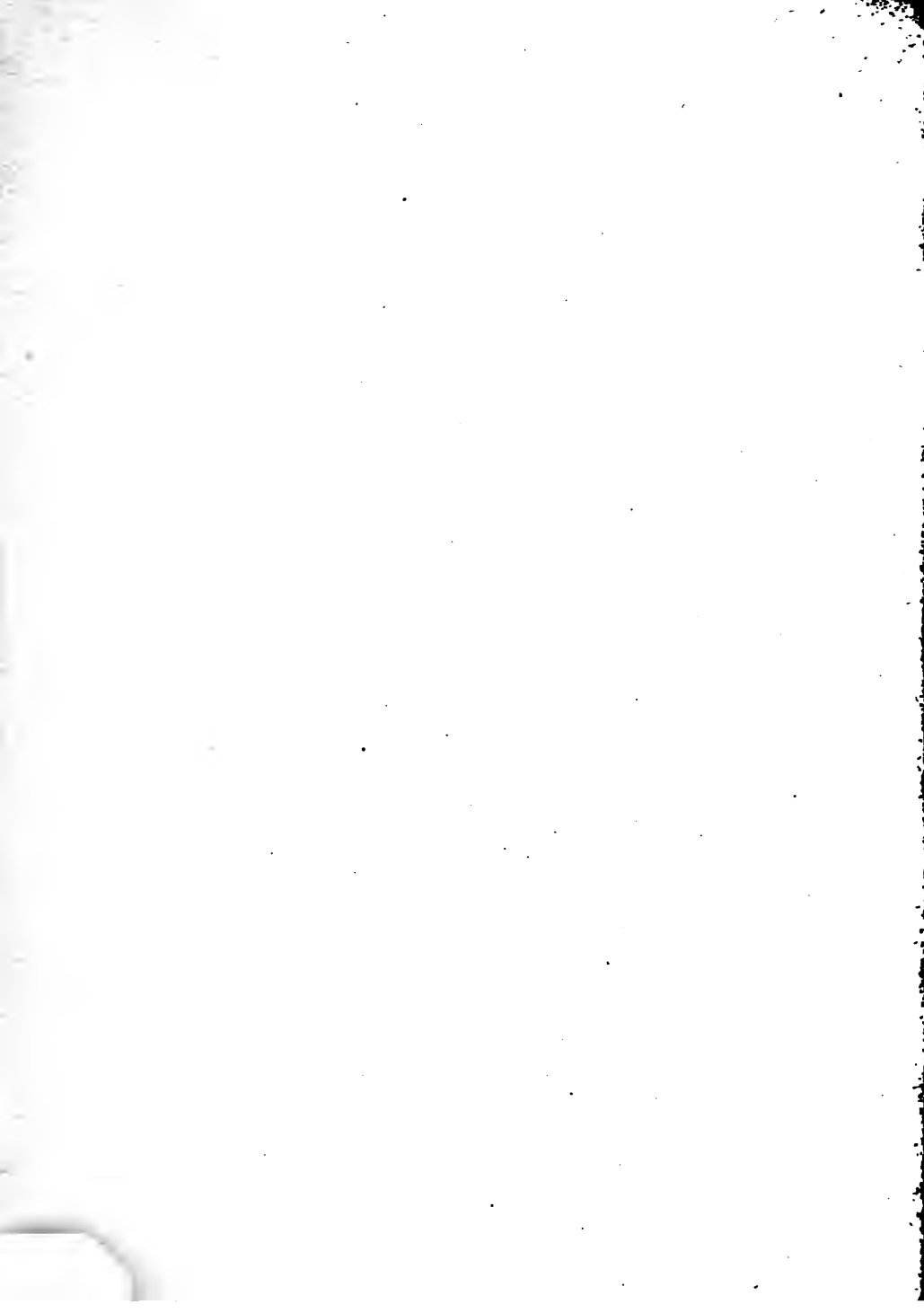
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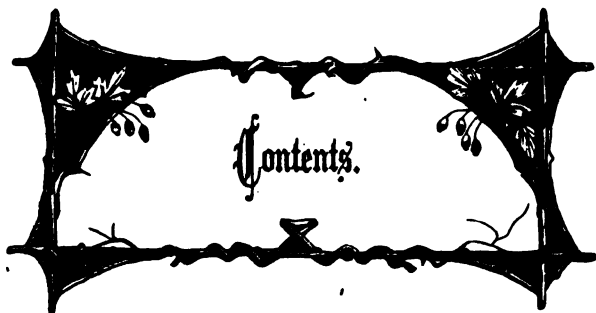
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OUR LUCY.

THIS is our Lucy,—this little girl who is feeding the rabbit. She was our baby only a few years ago. She is not five years old now; but she is big enough to take good care of her baby brother.

That little boy in the wagon is Lucy's baby-brother. His name is Ernest. Lucy has been taking him to ride. She takes him out in his wagon every fine day.

The wagon is not a very light one. Lucy has to tug pretty hard sometimes; but she can drag it nicely, for she is very strong.

I will tell you where she has been with Ernest this morning. First she took him down through the garden and let him look at the flowers; then she took him up to the barn and showed him the bossy-calf; then down by the hen-house to see the chickens; then round through the lane under the shady trees, and so back to the old pump in the yard.

Here she stopped, and began to call, "Bunny, Bunny, Bunny!" And in a minute two pretty little rabbits came to her. Lucy sat down on the ground, and fed them with clover, while the baby sat up in his wagon and looked on, as you see in the picture.

Then Lucy took the white rabbit by the ears, and lifted it into the wagon. There it found a nice soft place on the pillow, and sat very quietly while Ernest stroked it and played with it. He was so pleased with the rabbit, that he was hardly willing to give it up when Lucy thought the time had come to take him into the house.

But Lucy said, "Come, Ernest, we have not looked at the doves yet. They are waiting to see us." So the little boy let the rabbit go; and Lucy turned the wagon round, and pointed up to the doves.

"Now," said she, "after those little doves have had a good time out in the fresh air, they will go into their house and take a nap; and here is a little boy who must go into his house and take a nap too." Then she dragged him slowly round to the front door, where his mother took him into the house. Oh, Lucy is a smart little girl!

JANE OLIVER.



PAUL AND MARIA.

IN THREE SCENES. — ILLUSTRATED BY A. MARIE.

I. — CROSSING THE BROOK.

PAUL wants Maria to take him across the brook in his wagon. Maria cannot do that, but she carries him over in her arms. He uses his switch as if she were his horse. That is not kind in him, though it does not hurt her.



II. — AN ACCIDENT.

After landing Paul safely on the bank, Maria goes back for the wagon. Just as she is getting it across, her foot slips, and she falls down in the brook. There is not much harm done. But why does not Paul run to help her? I fear he is a selfish boy.



III. — OVER THE FIELDS.

See the good sister Maria dragging Paul over the fields. He thinks it fine fun to have her for his horse. He wants her to go faster and faster, and never stops to think that she may be tired. I should like him better if he were more considerate. It is quite a task to drag such a big boy.

NAILING A SUNBEAM.

I ONCE heard of a bright-eyed, merry boy, who lived in an old house in a dark, narrow street. One day, after many months of darkness, the sun shone into his room,—not a full, radiant flood of sunshine, such as comes in through our windows day by day, but a little narrow beam of light quivering and dancing on the bare wall.

The child was filled with delight; and, putting his little hand upon the sunbeam, he cried, “Run quick, mamma! bring a hammer and a nail: I’ll hold it while you nail it, so we can keep it always!”

LILA.



DAVY DONOTHING’S DAY.



DAVY DONOTHING —

Lazy little lad! —

Went out walking,

Marching through the mead,

Down in the dingle,

Hard by Hawthorn Hill —

(Sad boy in school-time,

Never sitting still.)

Bright brown butterflies,

Flitting forth so fast,

Fiercely follows he,

Hotly and in haste:

With his net he’s nearing

Such a showy one!

“Surely I shall shake him:”

A knock — and it is done.

Davy Donothing, —
 Foolish fellow he!
 Big brown butterfly
 Took to a tall tree.
 On a twig sat tittering
 Such a saucy snail!
 "Oh!" says he, "I like to see
 Foolish fellows fail."



Davy Donothing —
 Truant from his task —
 Loitered through the long day,
 Till play-time all was past.
 Early in the evening
 He wept and wailed, they say:
 He'd caught no big brown butterflies;
 He'd wandered from his way.

Little boys should learn this rule, —
 The time for play is after school.

H. W. DULCKEN.





THE RECRUIT.

CHARLES. Now, Corporal, here is your musket. Attend to the word of command.

CORPORAL. (*Wags his tail.*)

CHARLES. Shoulder, arms! Hold up your head. Turn out your toes. That's good.

HENRY (*clapping his hands*). Well done! Well done!



A DAY AT THE BEACH.

JOHNNY DAYTON was a little boy who lived in a seaboard town not many miles from Boston. Now, some of my little readers may ask, "What is a seaboard town?" It is a town by the sea.

This Johnny had a cousin Kate, who had never seen the ocean. When Kate was about seven years old, she came for the first time to visit Johnny; and one day their parents took them to a picnic at the seaside.

The picnic ground was a grove near a nice beach; and, when the water was not too high, there was a fine drive along the beach to the grove.

Kate was almost beside herself with glee as the carriage rolled smoothly over the beach. Now and then it went so near the breakers, that the horse would shy, and pick up his feet very fast, lest they should get wet.

As soon as the grove was reached, Kate and Johnny hastened back to the beach.

It was not long before Kate came upon some shells. "Oh, how pretty! Do they belong to anybody, Johnny?" said she. "No," said Johnny. "Let us carry some home."

Johnny, like a polite little boy, set about gathering shells; and, by the time Johnny's father was heard calling them to luncheon, they had quite a pile collected near the water's edge.

"Let us leave them till we come back," said Johnny. "Won't some one take them?" asked Kate. "No, there will not be time," said Johnny mischievously; for he saw that the tide was rising.

Kate was a little doubtful; but, as Johnny was somewhat older, she thought he ought to know better than she. So, saying no more, she tripped merrily along with Johnny to the grove.

But, when they came back, the shells were no longer to be seen. I am afraid Kate would have cried, if Johnny, who was now very sorry, had not told her that he knew a place where they could get much prettier shells when the water went down again.

Kate has since learned all about the tides, and often laughs to think how Johnny made her lose her shells.

AUNT RUTH.





GARDENER AND SPARROW.

“Look, Master Sparrow, I would not care
If you take a cherry but here and there ;
But why do you always choose the best,
And pick them away, and leave the rest ?”
“Why ? because I’m bold Master Sparrow, you see,
And the ripest and best are good for me.”

Bold Master Sparrow, so valiant and stout,
In his reckoning, for once, was decidedly out :
For a large, thick net the gardener spread
Over the cherries, so juicy and red ;
And Master Sparrow could not get one :
Who tries for the best will often get none.

FROM THE GERMAN.



OUR PONY.

A TRUE STORY.

WHEN my grandmother lived in the country, she owned a little Canadian pony. This pony was very good and gentle; and, as he never did any harm, he was often allowed to go all about the large yard, without even a halter around his neck.

One warm, sunny day, the front door had been left open; but the door at the farther end of the hall which led into the sitting-room was shut.

In this room, grandmother was talking with some friends, when, all at once, strange sounds were heard in the hall. Grandmother got up and opened the door, and there was pony. He had come up on the porch, and had walked the whole length of the hall to the sitting-room door.

About a week after he came in at the front door, he thought he would try the back door. Grandmother went into the pantry for a dish; and there was pony eating up some freshly-baked gingerbread.

He had walked through the woodshed into the kitchen, from the kitchen into the pantry; and there he was munching away as contentedly as if he were in his own stable.

What I have told you really happened: and I know you will think we had a very queer pony; do you not?

CLARA TOMLINSON.



THE LITTLE BIRDS.

LITTLE birds, little birds, on the high tree,
Come sing now your prettiest songs to me:
Here on the bank I am waiting to hear,
While my donkey is grazing; so sing, and don't fear.



RIDING THE HORSE TO WATER.

THE farmer has been hard at work all the morning. Now he has had his dinner, and is smoking his pipe. He is ready to go back to the plough.

But first, he must take the old horse down to the brook, and give him some water. Here is a chance for Johnny to have a ride.

“Jump up, little Johnny!” says the farmer, giving him a lift. Up goes Johnny. There he is now, on the horse’s back.

Then the farmer takes the horse by the bridle, and leads him slowly down to the brook. How cool and clear the water looks! Now he shall drink his fill.

But first, the farmer takes the bits out of the horse’s mouth. Now the horse can drink with a good relish.

What, is he going to drink all the water there is in the brook! Johnny begins to think so. But soon he lifts his head, and takes a long breath. He has had enough.



THE BABY BROTHER.

SEE my baby brother !
He is fast asleep.
Very still and silent
All of you must keep :
For, if you should wake him,
He would make a noise ;
He would cry for something,—
Milk, perhaps, or toys.

For he knows no better,
When he wants a thing,
Than to cry to get it,
Till we run and bring.
Once the new moon shining
Pleased the baby's eye ;
But I could not get it
For him from the sky.



THE CHILDREN'S PICNIC.

THE CHILDREN'S PICNIC.

It was a fine day in June when we went out into the fields to pass the day and have a good time.

There were all the boys and girls of our school, — Emma and Mary and John and Edwin and James ; but I cannot call to mind the names of half of them.

We found a fine place near a large pine-tree, and there we had a tent set up. We danced round in a ring, we played at hide-and-seek, and we chased butterflies, though we did not catch any.

John had brought his boat along, and he sailed it on the pond ; but there was not wind enough to make it go very well. Charles and Edwin took off their shoes, and waded in the pond.

Then we plucked wild-flowers, and made wreaths, and crowned the king and queen we chose from among the girls and boys. Our Emma was chosen a queen, and John was chosen a king.

Then the queen ordered the table to be spread, and we had a fine feast. We had strawberries and cake ; and we drank the health of the king and the queen in cold water.

We had music, too, and songs. The sun shone bright ; but the air was mild, and not too warm. When it got to be four o'clock, we all went to the cars, and were soon on our way home.

I will tell you what I think made this picnic so pleasant for us all. The children all obeyed the older folks who were with them.

All the boys and girls were kind to each other. No one was cross ; no one spoke a harsh word ; and I think that we all of us will remember this happy day as long as we live.

Cousin Lucy.



THE PEDDLER.

WHAT are these two children having such a talk with this old man about? Would you like to know? I will tell you as well as I can.

These children, Charles and Lizzy, are brother and sister. They have fine times playing together in the garden; and one of their favorite sports is to climb up on the garden-gate.

Well, as they were standing on the gate the other day,

just as you see them in the picture, an old man with a pack on his back came along.

The old man stopped, and said to Charles, —

“Can you tell me the way to the railroad-station, my boy?”

“Oh, yes, sir!” said Charles. And then he told the man just which way to go, and how far he would have to go, and at what time the cars would start; for Charles knew all these things as well as anybody in town.

The man seemed much pleased to get such a prompt and full answer. “I thank you, my good boy,” said he: “I know you are a good boy by your looks. Now, will you tell me your name?”

Here little Lizzy, who had kept quiet as long as she could, thought it was time for her to say something. So she spoke up before Charles could say a word, —

“He’s my brother, and his name is Charles, and my name is Lizzy.”

“Well,” said the man, “I am glad to see you both. I like to talk with children; for it makes me think of the time when I was a child myself. That was a long time ago.”

“As much as ten years?” asked Lizzy.

“Oh! a great deal more than that,” said the old man. “Why, I have carried this peddler’s pack for thirty years!”

Then the children went on to ask a great many questions, which the peddler answered; and so they all stood talking together at the gate.

At last the peddler said that it was time for him to walk on to catch the cars. But, before he went, he opened his pack, and took out a little roll of blue ribbon for Lizzy, and a skein of twine for Charles.

“Take these,” said he, “to remember the old peddler by.”



A DRESS PARADE.

CAPTAIN GEORGE is drilling his company. He means to have a dress parade on the Fourth of July, and, of course, wishes to have the troops do themselves credit.

They are in a high state of discipline. They form a line beautifully. Nobody could find fault with the appearance of their *arms*; but the captain is not quite satisfied with the position of some of their feet. Number Five does not turn out his toes. Number Three is rather at fault, too, in this point. In other respects, I should call him a model soldier. Number Two is not quite up to the mark; but as to Number One, his bearing is grand in the extreme.

Captain George will have them all perfect very soon. He is a very strict officer.

UNCLE SAM.



SOMEBODY'S KNOCKING.

THERE'S somebody knocking. Hark ! who can it be ?
It's not at the door : no, it's in the elm-tree.
I hear it again ; it goes *rat-a-tat-tat* :
Now, what in the world is the meaning of that ?

I think I can tell you. Ah, yes ! it is he :
It's young Master Woodpecker, gallant and free.
He's dressed very handsomely (*rat-a-tat-tat*),
Just like a young dandy, so comely and fat.

He's making his visits this morning, you see :
Some friends of his live in that tall old elm-tree ;
And, as trees have no door-bells (*rat-a-tat-tat*),
Of course he must knock : what is plainer than that ?

Now old Madam Bug hears him rap at her door :
Why doesn't she come ? Does she think him a bore ?
She stays in her chamber, and keeps very still.
I guess she's afraid that he's bringing a bill.

"I've seen you before, my good master," says she :
"Although I'm a bug, sir, you can't humbug me.
Rap on if you please : at your rapping I laugh.
I'm too old a bug to be caught with your chaff."

But poor little baby-bugs are not so wise :
They run out to meet him. "Good-morning !" he cries ;
Then gobbles them all with a *rat-a-tat-tat*,
Without even stopping to take off his hat.

E. B.



THE TRAVELLING-KEY.

Our teacher gave us a new game the other day.

She said that the girl who was at the foot of the grammar class should have the key of the schoolroom hung around her neck when she went out to play at recess ; and the only way for her to get rid of the key should be to catch some other girl in a mistake in grammar.

Then the one who had made the mistake was to wear the key until she got rid of it in the same way.

Amy was at the foot of the class when the bell rang for recess ; and out she went with the key tied to her neck.

We played tag at first ; and Nelly Gray had to put the key on because she said, "It isn't *me*." The teacher had told us that very morning to say, "It is not *I*," or "It is *I*."

Nellie did not keep the key long ; for, in a few minutes, Jenny cried out, as she slapped Nelly on the back, "You'm

it." How we laughed! It was just the same as saying, "You *am* it," instead of "You *are* it."

Jenny was just about to go in with the key on her neck, when Susan Brown pointed at her, and said, "She looks pretty, *don't* she?" "Ah! I've caught you," said Jenny. "*Don't* she' is not correct. You should have said '*Doesn't* she.'" So Susan had to wear the key in after all.

All the girls took part in the game in good humor; and it made us all take care how we talked.

JANE.



TOO FOND OF FLOWERS.

ELLEN and her brother Alfred have been out to gather wild-flowers. See, they are bringing a plenty of them home! Alfred has his little cart filled with them; and Ellen is tying flowers on his arm.

It is a good sign when children are fond of flowers. But once Ellen and Alfred went so far in search of wild-flowers, that they got lost in the woods.

It began to grow dark, and they could not find their way out of the woods. They did not, like silly children, sit down and cry. No: they shouted, so that people might hear them.

All at once they heard a noise in the bushes. "Oh! is that a wolf?" said Alfred. "A wolf?—No. That's our good Pompey: here he is, come to show us the way home."

And sure enough, there he stood barking, and leaping on them, and wagging his tail, as if he could go wild with joy at having found them.

Pompey knew the way out of the woods, and he led Ellen and Alfred by the shortest way; and, when they got home, they found their dear mother waiting tea for them. She had felt sure that Pompey would find them.

IDA FAY.



THE FLOWERS.



THE DUCKS AND THE COWS.

COW.

Moo! moo! here's to you, ducky dear!
I'm drinking your health in this water so clear.

DUCK.

Quack! quack! don't drink the pond dry,
But leave a few drops for such folks as I.

COW.

Oh! never you fear, my good little friend:
Your manners, I hope, this water will mend.



HOW THE CAT AND THE DOG CAME TO BE GREAT FRIENDS.

“Look at that dog. See how he flies at the cat, and barks, and the cat puts up her back, and spits. Why is it that a dog hates a cat, and a cat hates a dog so much?”

“It would not be so if they were not made to hate each other when they are young. It is the fault of the boys and the men who set the dogs on to kill the cats. I can tell you of a cat and some dogs who were the best of friends in the world.”

“Oh, do tell me! I should like to hear.”

“A friend of mine had a cat sent to her. It was a fine white cat, five months old. It came a long way; and it came in a basket, with nice soft wool for the cat to lie down on.

“Now, my friend had three dogs; and she thought to herself, ‘I hope my dogs will not bite the cat. What shall I do to make my dogs love the cat?’

“And, when the cat came, my friend was in great fear; for she thought, ‘What shall I do if the dogs fly at the cat?’ If she had known all, she need have had no fear at all.

“As she un-did the lid of the basket, out came the cat,—such a fine, large, soft, white cat! And what did she do but walk up to the dog, who stood still to look at her; and then she put up her nose to the nose of the dog, and gave it a rub, as much as to say, ‘How do you do? I am glad to see you. I hope you will love me as much as I will try to love you.’

“And the dog gave a short, kind bark, as much as to say, ‘What a sweet white cat you are! If you will love me, I am sure I shall love you.’

“And on went the cat to the next dog; and she gave his nose a rub, and, in her way, said the same words; and the dog, in his way, seemed just as glad to see her. And then on went the cat to the third dog; and just the same thing took place: and from that day the dogs and the cat were such great friends!

“They would eat their meat out of the same plate, and drink their milk out of the same cup; and, what is more, one of the dogs and the cat had the same bed. They would lie down side by side; and my friend would put a rug on them both, to keep them nice and warm: and she told me it looked so nice to see them lie there side by side; and they would lie there so still, and sleep the night through!

“Then there was one strange thing the cat would do. When she had licked her own skin, and made it all nice and soft, she must have said to her-self, ‘I like to have my fur all nice and soft and clean. I should think my friend the dog would like his coat to be as nice and soft as mine. I will make it all soft for him.’

“So, as the dog sat on a stool, quite still, the cat jumped

on his back, and the dog did not move. He seemed to know the cat had come to do a kind deed: and the cat licked the hair of the dog, till it was quite nice and soft, like her own; and then the cat got off the dog's back, and came and sat by him, and looked in his face, as much as to say, 'You liked that nice wash, did you not?' And the dog barked out, 'Yes.'

"And so, day by day, and day by day, when the cat had made her own skin nice and soft, she would give the dog a kind wash too; and they were the best of friends. So you see dogs and cats need not bite and hurt each other: they can, if they please, be quite kind and good; and I am sure it is best to be kind and good. Do you not think so?"

"That I do; and, when I have cats and dogs, I will try and make them as good friends as the cat and the dogs of whom you have just told me."

"Yes, do; and, if you try, you will be sure to make them good friends."

TROTTIE'S AUNT.

THE BOY WHO CANNOT WALK.

HERE is poor lame Willy Marsh. He is eight years old; but he cannot run about and play like other children.

When a baby, he had a dreadful fall one day, and was so much hurt, that he has never been able to walk a single step. He must always be a cripple.



Willy's father was killed in the war; but he has a mother and a sister who do all that they can to make him happy.

They live in a pretty cottage in the country. Climbing-roses and morning-glories and honeysuckles are trained over its porch and around the windows. There is a beautiful garden, too, in front of the house.

Willy takes great comfort in sitting at the open window, and looking at the birds and the flowers.

He has some pets in the house for his amusement. One of them is a pretty kitten as black as a coal. Another is a bird. But the one he likes best is his dog Prince.



This dog knows a number of tricks. He can make a bow, walk on his hind legs, give his paw to shake hands, and he will fetch and carry bits of wood or other little things at Willy's command.

But in pleasant weather it is hard to keep Prince in-doors.

He soon makes his escape, and is off for a scamper down the road.

Willy watches him from the window; and his blue eyes sometimes fill with tears when he thinks that he cannot go too. He longs so for a good run out of doors, that he can hardly bear to sit still.

Then his mother comes and sits by his side, and talks to him, and tells him stories, until he brightens up again, and forgets that he is lame.

Willy has the promise of a little wagon, made in such a way that he can wheel himself about in it. He will have nice times in the garden when he gets that.

THE SNAIL.

THE snail he lives in his hard round house,
In the orchard, under the tree.
Says he, "I have but a single room,
But it's large enough for me."

The snail in his little house does dwell
From week's end to week's end.
You're at home, Master Snail: that's all very well;
But you never receive a friend.



LILY'S NOSEGAY.

LILY is pluck'ing flowers for a nose'gay. She means to give the nosegay to her papa. She knows he will be much pleased with it.



LEARNING TO FLY.

“JUMP! you little birdie.”

Hark! the mother sings,

“Fly! you little birdie,

Spread your little wings!”

See! the little birdie

Jumps from off the bough:

Cunning little birdie,

Do be careful now.

You're so very little,

And the tree's so tall,

Oh! I tremble, birdie,

Lest you get a fall.

Look! he's flying safely:

He thinks not of fear;

For the little birdie

Knows his mother's near.

JANE OLIVER.





A RUN DOWN HILL.

A RUN DOWN HILL.



'M after you!" said Tom. "I'll catch that little girl! I'll take that bunch of flowers away from her!"

"No: you sha'n't have her!" said Ellen. "Hold tight to her other hand, Jane! Don't drop your flowers, little Ann!"

"He can't get me, can he?" said little Ann. "Faster, faster, Sister Jane! I hear him close behind us."

"Here we go," said Jane, as she put up her hand to keep her hat from blowing off,—“here we go; all together, down the hill. Catch us if you can, Master Tom!"

"I'll have her yet," said Tom, making believe that he was chasing them at the top of his speed.

So those four children talked as they ran merrily along over the hills. They had been out on a long walk. You would hardly believe that little Ann could walk so far; but she kept up with the best of them, and plucked a bunch of wild-flowers by the way, and never thought of being tired.

It was one of Tom's jokes to run after little Ann, and pretend that he was a robber. So he made believe, this time, that he was going to take away her flowers. Her part of the joke was to make believe that she was very much afraid, and to run away from the "yobber" (as she called him) as fast as she could. That is the way they came to be having the race and chase that you see in the picture.

It was a pleasant afternoon in summer. A fresh breeze swept over them, and cooled their sun-browned cheeks. The rich green herbage made a soft carpet for their feet. Birds were soaring in the sky far above their heads. The whole landscape was full of life and light. But I think that those four beaming and happy faces made the brightest part of the picture.

JANE OLIVER.



PLAYING SCHOOL.

"OH! I am tired of running about!" said Ruth May to her little cousins, who had come to spend a day with her. "Suppose we find a shady place, and play school?"

"Oh, yes!" they all cried. "That will be nice fun."

"And Ruthie," said George, "you must be the teacher, because you are the oldest."

"Well, so I will," said Ruth. "But, when I am teacher, you must not call me Ruthie: you must all say *Miss May* very politely."

"Oh, yes! we had better begin right off," said Dora, a

bright little girl of five years. "Miss May, will you please show us where the schoolroom is?"

"Yes, dear," said Ruth. "On the bench under the old apple-tree at the end of the orchard: that will be just the place. I will run in for some books; and then we will all go there."

So here we see them under the tree. "Miss May" with a long rod "to keep roguish children in order," as she says.

Bessie, a little girl of three years, when she sees this, says, "You wouldn't really hurt us with it, would you, Cousin Ruth?"

"Oh, no, darling!" replied Ruth. "I shall only tingle your fingers a little bit, just for fun."

I think she will have to try it on George's fingers first; for he is slyly pulling Dora's hair as she slips down from the seat, and holds up her hand to know if she may speak.

"What is it, Dora?" says the teacher.

"Please, Miss May, I know my lesson," answers Dora.

"Very well, dear. Now I will hear you spell. George shall begin. Spell bird, George."

"B-u-r-d," says George. "Holloa! there's one on the end of that branch. Wouldn't I like to catch him!"

"For shame, sir!" says Ruth. "Go to the foot of the class. Now, Dora, let me hear you spell it."

"B-i-r-d, bird," Dora says very promptly.

Then Ruth gives little Bessie the word "cat" to spell.

She thinks a minute, and then says, "c-a-t, pussy," which makes them all laugh.

"You mean cat, darling," Ruth says; "but that is very well for such a little girl."

Then they read and count, and so go on playing, till, by and by, a voice from the other side of the fence says suddenly,—

"Please, ma'am, may I come to school too? I'll be good."

All turn to see whose voice it is, when who should appear but Ruth's father, who is coming to see where they all are.

"O Uncle John!" the three little ones call out, "how you did startle us!"

"And how funny it would be for a big man to come to school!" says little Bessie with a merry laugh.

"Do you think I am too big, Bess?" Uncle John says. "Well, then, come here, and you shall ride to the house on my shoulder; for I hear the dinner-bell ringing."

"Who would have thought it was so late!" says Ruth. "School is dismissed. Pick up the doll, Dora; and, George, bring the books. Haven't we had a nice time?"

"Yes, indeed," says Dora! "and we've really learned something too."

AUNT KATE.



THE JOHNNY STORY.

IN a little town among the green hills of Vermont lived Johnny, a good boy, eleven years old. His father and brother did the out-door work on their farm. They kept a large number of cows; and Johnny's mother did her part of the work in making butter. Johnny, when not at school, helped them all in as many ways as he could.

The cows were pastured on the hills within sight of the farmhouse. One of the hills was covered with thick woods; and the cows used to choose this spot as a shady retreat in the sultry days of summer.



One evening, just at dusk, Johnny's father and brother being hard at work in the hay-field, Johnny started off for the cows, taking Tiger, the house-dog, along with him.

The cows were generally found standing at the bars, waiting patiently to be let through; and Johnny expected to find them there that night. Not finding them there, he kept on towards the woods on the hill. He got quite into the woods, and still no cows were to be seen. So, feeling rather tired, he sat down, and called, "Coff, Coff, Coff!" but no cows came.

As he sat there with the darkness thickening around him, for the first time he began to think about bears. He snuggled down beside Tiger, who lay near him. He wished himself safe at home eating his bread and milk. Just as he was making up his mind to run home as fast as his legs would carry him, he heard the dry twigs and bushes snap as if some animal were coming through them.

Tiger did not seem to mind the noise much. He lay quietly at Johnny's feet. But the little boy was in a sad fluster.

The noise sounded nearer and nearer. Johnny could bear it no longer: so, jumping up, he seized the branch of a large tree, and climbed up until he thought he had reached a place of safety. Looking down from his perch, he saw a large black animal moving through the bushes.

"Oh, dear!" thought Johnny. "It must be a bear. What *shall* I do?" and he sat as still as a mouse, trembling with fright.

After a little while, seeing no sign of fright or fight in Tiger, who was not the sort of dog to keep quiet in presence of a bear, Johnny ventured to peer down again through the darkness. What do you think he saw? He got a full view of the fierce creature that had given him such a scare. And what do you think it was?

Why, it was Nobby, the old black cow, on her way home through the woods. Johnny came down from the tree as fast as he went up; and, when the rest of the cows came along, he drove the whole herd home as boldly as you please.

He thought he would say nothing about his fright. But an unlucky tear in his trousers obliged him to tell his mother that it was made in climbing a tree; and, little by little, she drew from him the whole story.

The folks had a hearty laugh when they heard it; and

Johnny could not help laughing himself. But he went to his snug little bed that night, feeling, that though he was neither mangled nor hurt, he had been about as badly scared as a boy could well be.



THE RACE.

Tom and Timothy and Joe
On a horse-race once would go.
Tommy's horse kicked up so high,
Tommy almost hit the sky;
Joe, in shunning Tommy's fate,
Held on tight, but all too late.
Tim came last, the fence to leap:
But his seat Tim could not keep;
His racer shied, his hold Tim lost.
In the ditch all three were tost.

UNCLE CHARLES.



THE JUMPING-JACK.

ANN has bought a jumping-jack for her brother John. She is showing it to him. Ann pulls the string, and the jumping-jack throws up its arms, as much as to say, "What do you think of that?" John's eyes open wider and wider. He thinks it is a most won'd'er-ful thing.



SUMMER.

SUMMER is in the air, odors are everywhere ;
Idle birds are singing loud and clear ;
Brooks are bubbling over ; heads of crimson clover
On the edges of the field appear.

All the meadow blazes with buttercups and daisies,
And the very hedges are tangles of perfume ;
Butterflies go brushing, all their plumage crushing,
In among this wilderness of bloom.

The thorn-flower bursts its sheath, the bramble hangs a wreath,
And blue-eyed grasses beckon to the sun ;
While gypsy pimpernel waits, eager to foretell
When rainy clouds are gathering one by one.

The very world is blushing, is carolling and gushing
Its heart out in a melody of song ; [ing,
While simple weeds seem saying, in grateful transport pray-
"Unto Him our praises all belong !"

NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

MARY N. PRESCOTT.

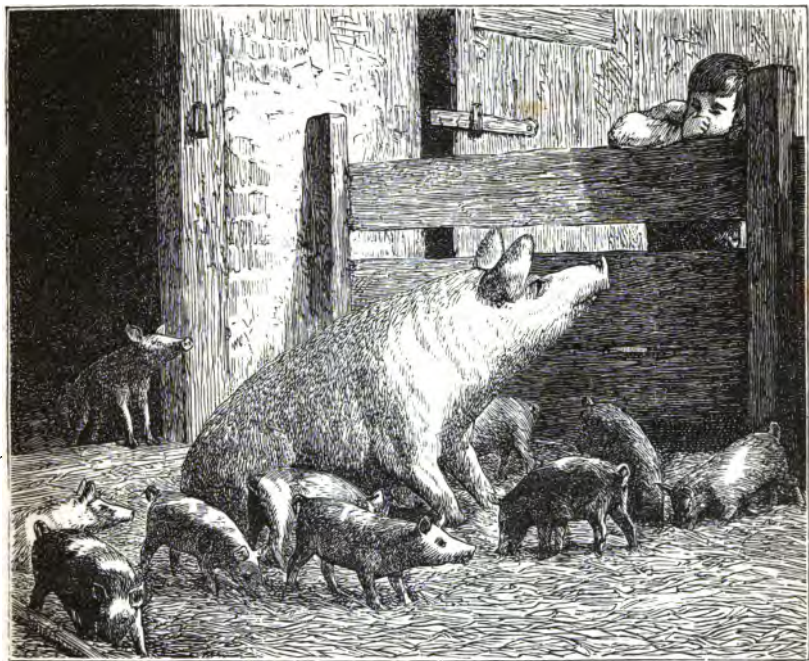


A PEEP INTO THE PIG-STY.

No. I'm not bringing you any thing to eat. You needn't poke out your snout, and snuff at me in that way. And you little pig in the doorway, what are you squeaking about? I haven't any thing for you. I have only come in here to take a peep at you.

Excuse me if I hold my nose. It is a way I have. Don't think for a moment that I mean any offence to you. I like your looks very much. I think you are a very interesting family. There are ten as sweet little pigs as I ever beheld, —sweet to look at, I mean.

How would you like now to have me let you out? There's

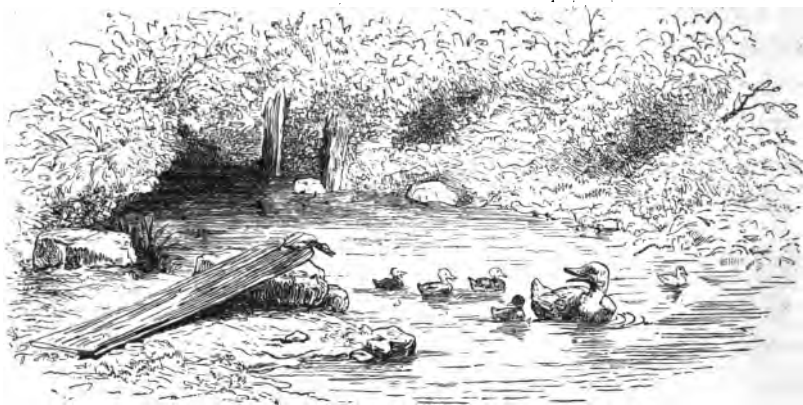


a fine place in the garden for you to root in. You would not disturb the roots of the flowers, would you? Of course not. You would soon make some first-rate mud.

Look here, old fellow! a happy thought strikes me. How would you like a swim in the pond? Now, that is the very thing you need. I'm sure a bath would do you good.

What! You don't think so? You like the dirt better? Well, then, I will not let you out.

THE BOY IN THE PICTURE. •



THE DISOBEDIENT DUCK.

Look at the ducks on the pond! There is the old mother-duck; and there are five little ducklings all swimming gracefully along.

But what is that little duck doing on the shore? Why is he not in the water with the rest? Is he afraid to go into the water before he has learned to swim? or does he not like to get his feet wet?

I see how it is. He is the duck that did not mind his mother. When she told the children all to come into the water with her, that young duck staid behind. He thought it would be better fun to waddle along the shore.

So he waddled along the shore; but he found that he could not waddle as fast as the other ducks could swim. They were all getting ahead of him. Then he thought he would waddle out to the end of that plank, and there jump into the water.

But, when he got to the end of the plank, it was so high up, that he was afraid to jump. And he looked, and saw his

mother and brothers and sisters all swimming away from him. Then he called out, —

“Ma, ma! wait for me!” Then his mother turned her head round and talked to him.

“You bad duck!” said she: “I have quacked to you often enough for being so self-willed. I shall waste no more quacks upon you. You may get along in your own way now. Waddle or swim, just which you please. We cannot wait for you. There is a little girl at the other end of the pond, who is going to feed us with corn. We will eat it all before you get there. Learn to mind your mother another time. Quack, quack, quack!”

UNCLE SAM.



A SAUCY BOY.

A SAUCY boy
Had got no toy,
And didn't know what to do;
So he rumbled his frock,
And tore his sock,
And tried to eat his shoe.



HOW THE DOG BOUGHT A BUN.

“SHALL I tell you of a dog I saw to-day?”

“Yes, do! Was he a big dog?”

“Yes, a big brown dog. He came up to me, and said, ‘Bow—wow—wow;’ that is to say, ‘Give me a penny.’

“‘What will you do with it?’ said I.

“‘Bow—wow—wow,’ said the dog;

that is to say, 'I will buy a bun with it.'

"So I gave the dog the penny; and I saw the dog run to a shop; and he put down the penny and took up a bun; and then he went and dug a hole in the ground, and put the bun in the hole.

"Then he came up to me, and wagged his tail, and said, 'Bow—wow—wow;' that is to say, 'Give me one more penny.'

"'No, no, my sly dog,' said I: 'you have got a bun; eat the bun you have got. If you want a bun, go dig it up, and eat it.'

"So the dog dug up the bun, and ate it. Then he wagged his tail, and said, 'Bow—wow—wow;' that is to say, 'Give me one more penny.' What a sly dog!"

FEEDING THE DONKEYS.

I CAN tell you of two little girls who have two donkeys to ride on. It is a hilly country where they live, and the roads are in some places steep and rough : so the donkeys carry them quite as well as horses could do, for the donkey takes more care in walking than the horse does.

The names of these little girls are Emma and Rose ; and they have a brother Frank. He helps them feed the donkeys. He brings grass and clover for them in his little wagon. You can see a picture of the three feeding the donkeys in their stalls.

I will tell you a little story, which is a true one, of Emma's donkey. She was one day riding over a mountain with Rose, when a heavy rain-storm came on, and they could hardly see their way before them.

The path was so narrow, that there was not room enough for the two little girls to ride side by side. So Emma took the lead, and Rose followed on behind. They both trusted to Emma's donkey to keep them on the right path, and for some time he went along very nicely.

At last, Emma's donkey stood still. She tried to make him go on ; but take a step he would not. She petted him, she scolded him, she whipped him ; but no — he would not move a step ; and there she had to sit on his back in the rain, till the sky cleared a little.

Then Emma saw that the poor donkey had been right in stopping where he was ; for the rain had made a deep, bad hole in the road, and, if he had gone into it, he might have hurt Emma very badly.

It is not to be wondered at, then, that Emma loves to take care of her donkey, and to see that he does not suffer for want of food. She will not whip him again.

IDA FAY.



FEEDING THE DONKEYS.

GOOD FOR NOTHING.

CATERPILLAR, caterpillar,
On the apple-bough!
Tell me how you get your living:
Do you earn it now?

"Earn my living!" answers he:
"What a thing to ask of me!
I for work was never made.
Spinning is the spider's trade;
Tugging ant and buzzing bee
Toiling all the day I see:
I was born for higher things.
Soon, on red and yellow wings,
You will see me going by
As a splendid butterfly!
Work is something I am sure
That I never could endure.
I can crawl and I can eat.
Apple-leaves, when fresh, are sweet;
And a pleasant place for me
Is this green young apple-tree."

Caterpillar, caterpillar,
On the apple-bough!
If you only earned your living,
I would spare you now.
What though apple-leaves are sweet?
Those who work not should not eat;
And you never more shall be
On my green young apple-tree.

MARIAN DOUGLAS.



AS BUSY AS A BEE.

HERE is a picture of Gertrude looking at the bees. She likes to watch them as they go out of the hive to their work among the flowers. But she takes care not to go too near them, and not to disturb them in any way; for she knows that their sting is not half so good as their honey.

Gertrude's hands are at work, you see, as she stands there in the sun; she is knitting a tidy for her mother: so I think we may say that she is as busy as a bee.

There is no fear that the bees will hurt a little girl who minds her own business so well. But I knew a boy once who meddled with the bees' business much to his cost. He thought the bees did not come out of the hive fast enough; so he poked a stick into the hive to hurry them.

The bees came out then very quickly; and they came right at the boy. He ran as fast as he could; but he could not get away from the bees. He was very badly stung; but he learned a lesson that he never forgot.

UNCLE SAM.



ROSY-POSY.

Rosy-Posy was not a flower: she was a little girl two years old. But she had round red cheeks, with little dimples in them, and pouting red lips, and she looked like a rose: so they called her Rosy-Posy; but her real name was Frances.

One warm day in summer, Rosy-Posy lay down on a sofa close to a window, and went to sleep.

Her mother looked at her a minute; then went and gathered a wreath of red roses. "They will give her sweet dreams when she smells them," said the mother. So she laid the wreath softly on the pillow, just above Rosy-Posy's head. Then she went away.

By and by some humming-birds came to get honey out of the honeysuckles that grew around the window; but the bees had been there, and got it all. The little birds dived and dived, and got only a speck of sweet: so they were going away, when they spied the red roses inside the window; and in they darted.

Oh, how sweet those roses were! and how lovely Rosy-Posy's face looked! and how pretty those little birds were in among the roses! They had tiny wings, and long bills, and shining green feathers. And there they were humming all around Rosy-Posy's head. Her mother heard the humming, and came to look in at the door. She came so softly, that the birds were not frightened.

"I wonder what baby is dreaming," she said to herself. "It must be a funny dream."

Rosy-Posy smiled in her sleep when the humming-birds flew over her. She seemed to know all about it, though her eyes were shut. One of the reddest of the roses had slipped under the little girl's hair, down close to her ear. The smallest of the birds saw it there, and made a dive at it.

Then another little bird flew straight to Rosy-Posy's lips. I suppose he mistook them for a rose.

When Rosy-Posy heard the bird humming close to her ear, she smiled more and more; but, when she felt the other at her lips, she laughed out loud. At that, the birds all flew away, and she woke up. She almost caught the little fellow that was tangled in her hair. But she never told what her dream was.

A HOLIDAY.

It is Wednesday afternoon ; and the children are amusing themselves while their mother has gone out.



Willy is drawing pictures on the wall with a piece of white chalk. Willy is quite an artist. He can draw a horse and a man so nicely, that anybody can tell at a glance which is the horse, and which is the man.

"Your horse has only three legs," says little Annie, who is looking on with her doll hanging over her arm.

"Of course," says Willy: "this is a returned soldier horse. His

other leg was shot off in battle."

"Well," says Annie, "I think that a three-legged horse is not a very good horse to *draw*."



Willy has a good laugh at that, and tells little Annie that she has made a joke.

The noise wakes up little Robbie from his nap. Carrie takes him up, and shows him pictures in a book, while Willy and Annie run out in the garden.

In the hedge is a tiny bird's-nest. Parting the twigs carefully, they look in. Three little birds, with mouths wide open, are waiting for the mother-bird to drop in a worm.

"Poor little things! how hungry they are!" says Willy. Pretty soon the old bird comes fluttering over their heads.

"Here comes the mother with their dinner!" says Annie; and the children hide behind a bush, that they may not frighten the bird. She drops the worm into one of the hungry mouths, and flies away for more.



When they are tired of watching the birds, Willy goes down to the brook to build a dam; and Annie chases a yellow butterfly all around the garden.

Many times she almost catches it; but it is always a little too high or too low, or too far away. Then she sees another yellow butterfly, and stops for a moment to take her choice between the two. She gives chase again; but, though she tries harder than ever, she does not catch either of them.

Just as she begins to get tired and warm with running, her mother comes in at the gate. Annie runs to meet her. Willy comes up from the brook with one foot wet, and both hands muddy. Carrie and the baby stand in the doorway to welcome them all home; and they are all glad to get home and get ready for supper.





THE NEWSPAPER BOY.

GET up, sir, get up ! and run, Carlo, run !
I must leave all my papers before set of sun :
I'm a newspaper boy ; and my task is to ride
Every day through this village of ours, far and wide.

I ride with my newspapers under my arm :
My pony he gallops or trots to a charm ;
And good little Carlo, he scampers on fast,
To let the folks know that I'm coming at last.

The folks all look out for the newspaper boy :
To some he brings grief, and to some he brings joy ;
But when he rides home at the set of the sun,
How happy he is that, his duty is done !

EMILY CARTER.



THE BIRD-CHARMER.

A FEW years ago, there was a man in the city of Paris who was called the "bird-charmer," from the great power that he had over birds. He could be seen almost every day in some one of the great city-gardens.

Standing by himself very quietly, he would take small

bits of bread from his pocket, and throw them into the air. The sparrows soon came around him; and, as each piece of bread was thrown, one or another of them would catch it before it fell.

Pretty soon the pigeons came to get their share. The bird-charmer put a morsel of bread between his lips, and held out his hands. One of the pigeons would settle on his hand, and take the bread from his mouth.

The bird-charmer then gently threw off the pigeon by a slight movement of the hand; and another pigeon would take its place. So the birds would come, one after another; and some of them, while waiting their turn, would perch upon the arm of the charmer.

Of course, people would gather round to see this strange sight; but the birds did not mind them in the least. They seemed to have so much faith in their friend the bird-charmer, that they feared nothing while he was near them.

FROM THE FRENCH.

THE KIND GRANDMA.

Two lit-tle girls and one lit-tle boy lived in a small house on the seashore. Their names were Betty and Lotty and Sam. They did not live alone: they had a kind father and mother, and a dear grand-ma, who had soft white hair, and wore pret-ty mus-lin caps.

Grand-ma Lee was lame, and could not walk much: so she sat near-ly all day in her nice easy rocking-chair, and had a stool to rest her feet on. Her red basket was always near; and in it she had her thimble and scissors and needles and thread, and pretty patch-work pieces.

She was a dear, kind grand-ma, and everybody loved her. She always had a bit of candy in her pocket; and, when

Betty and Lotty came in with flowers to put in a vase for her, she always kissed them, and spoke a kind word, or gave them a bit of candy or a picture. I wish all little boys and girls had a nice grand-ma.

C. F. P.



ANTS.

ANTS, ants, little ants,
What are you about?—
Running all so busily,
Crawling in and out.
Do you build a city?
Or must you choose a king?
Or lay you up a store of grain,
Or any other thing?
You seem to be so busy,
Have you no time for play?
Ants, ants, little ants!
Why do you run away?



A TRAP FOR BIRDS.

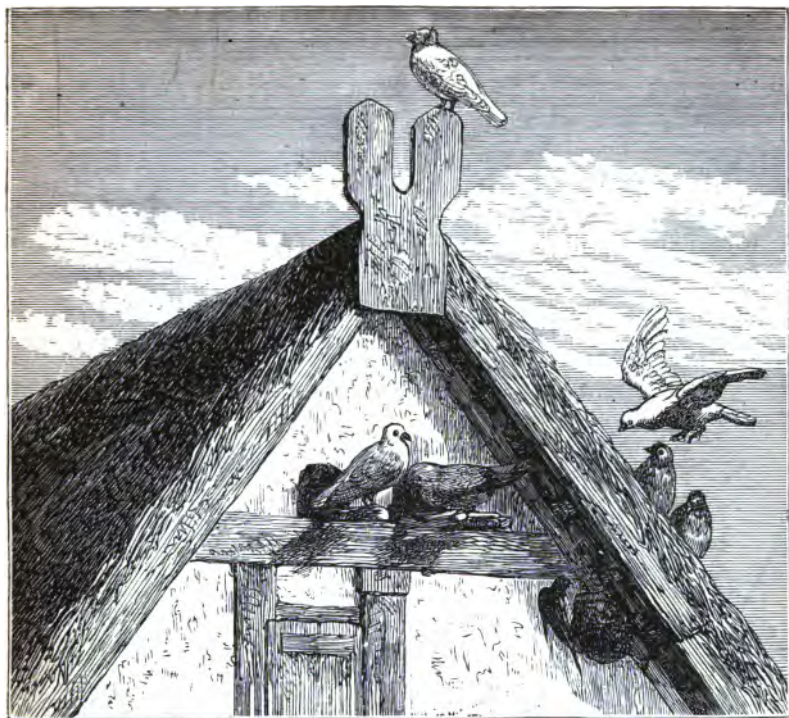
RALPH has caught a bird in a trap. He is trying to take it out of the trap, and put it in a cage. He opens the trap very carefully, for fear that the bird will fly away. Fred holds Ralph's cap ready to put over the bird if it should get through Ralph's hands.

Sarah stands looking over Ralph's shoulder, watching to see the birds. She has a stick in her hand; but I know she does not mean to strike the bird with it. She would let the bird get away rather than do it any harm.

I hope the bird will get away. A canary-bird, born in a cage, may be happy in a cage. It could not live out of doors in this cold climate. It would be cruel to set it free; for it does not know how to take care of itself.

But a wild bird, shut up in a cage, will beat its wings against the bars, and fret itself to death. It must soar at will in the open air, or it cannot be happy. The birds like to be free, and I like to have them free.

E. C.



THE DOVES.

Look at the doves on the roof! One of them is perched on the very highest point. There are two just at the doorway of their snug little chamber. Close by them, under the eaves, I see a swallow's nest.

I will tell you a true story about four white doves that used to come to the sill of my window each day to get crumbs. There was one of these doves that I called Greedy, because he was in such haste to get the crumbs.

It was my habit to put the crumbs out at certain hours,—morning, noon, and night. The doves would come just at the right time to get them.

But one day I put the crumbs out an hour sooner than I had been used to do. All the doves were away from the roof where they used to perch, except Greedy; and no sooner were the crumbs put out than he flew down to eat them.

He ate and ate till he could eat no more; and then the other three doves came back, and saw that Greedy, instead of waiting for them like a good dove, had eaten up their share of the crumbs.

They seemed very angry; and they pecked at him till he had to fly away. That night, they would not let him come near them as he had been used to do. The three crowded up close to each other, and kept each other warm; but Greedy had to stay by himself.

He seemed sorry for his selfish conduct; and a few days afterwards, when he was alone on the roof, I put the crumbs out again at the wrong hour to see how he would behave.

He came down to the sill, and looked with longing eyes at the crumbs; but he did not dare to touch one of them. When the other doves came back, and saw that Greedy had not robbed them, they began to treat him well; and, after that time, they did not drive him off when he came near them to sleep or to eat.

EMILY CARTER.



THE STORK.



WILLY ON HORSEBACK.

HERE he is,—here is Willy on horseback! Tell all the folks to come and look at him. See how straight he sits! See with what ease he holds the bridle! Is he not a brave little horseman?

The horse is very gentle. He stands still. He knows that Willy is on his back. That horse likes to have Willy on his back. I know he does. He will not try to run away. Willy's papa leads him slowly along, and Willy has a nice ride.

Willy has a rocking-horse, which he rides very often. He has never been on a real horse before. He likes the real horse much better than the rocking-horse. He thinks he would like to ride him all day.

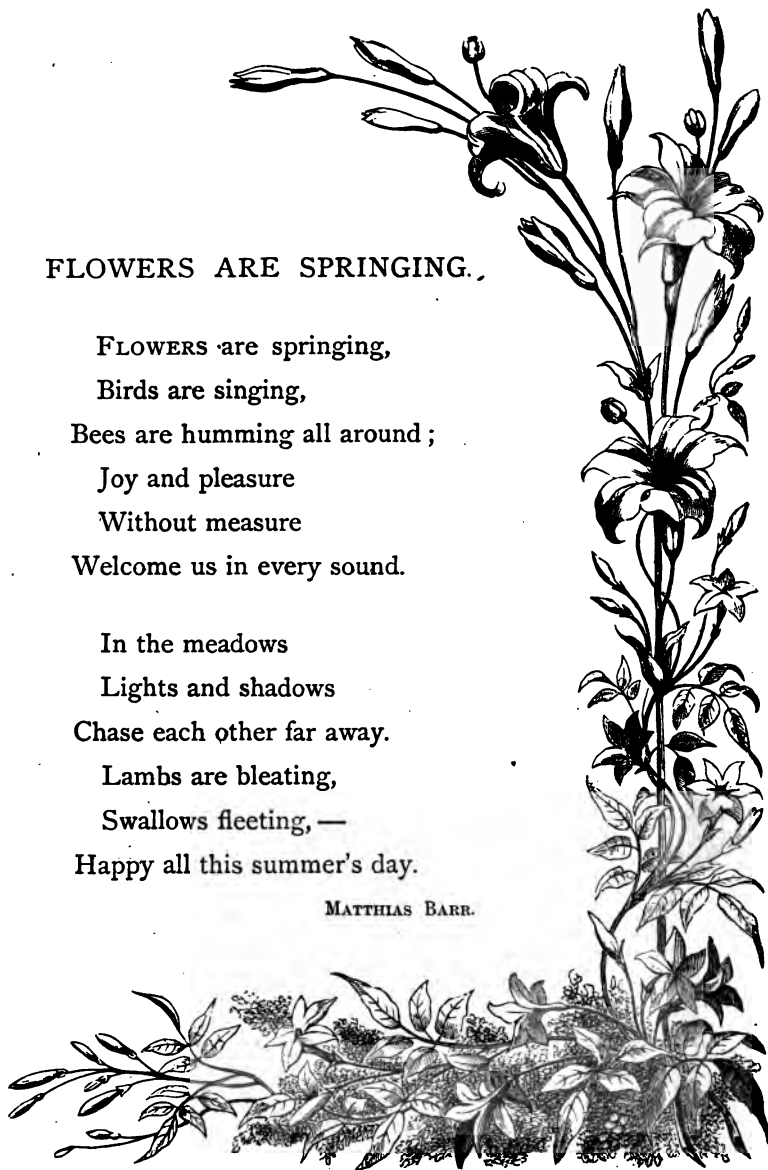
UNCLE CHARLES.

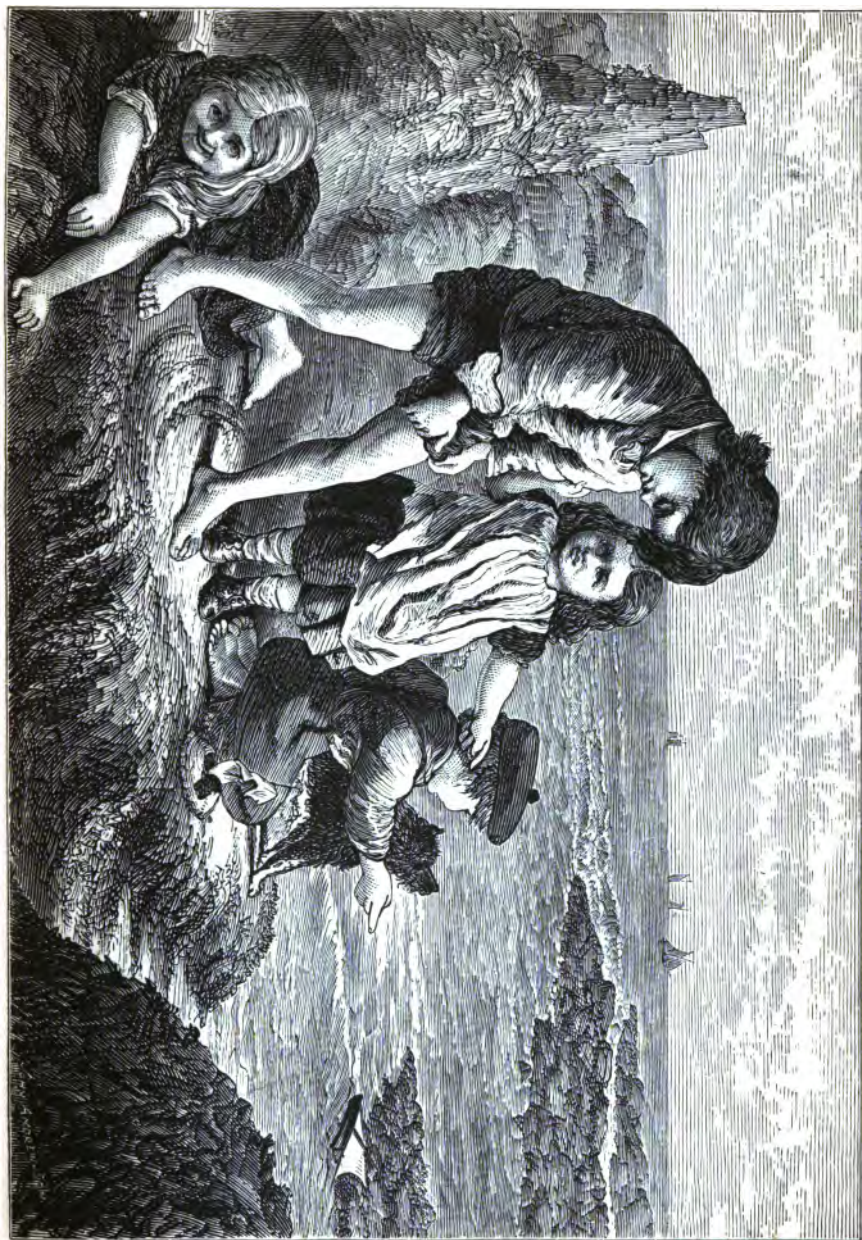
FLOWERS ARE SPRINGING.

FLOWERS are springing,
Birds are singing,
Bees are humming all around ;
Joy and pleasure
Without measure
Welcome us in every sound.

In the meadows
Lights and shadows
Chase each other far away.
Lambs are bleating,
Swallows fleeting, —
Happy all this summer's day.

MATTHIAS BARR.





ALL BUT LOST.



JOHNNY and Mary and Ruth went down to the seaside to sail Johnny's new boat. Tiger went with them. Tiger was a dog.

No sooner had Johnny launched his boat than a gust of wind took it across the water to a little island, and it came very near to being wrecked.

"How shall I get my boat back?" said Johnny. He called Tiger, and asked him to swim after it. But Tiger did not like to go, though he stood and barked at the boat in a brave way.

"Bring it here, sir! bring it here!" said Johnny, pointing to the boat, and trying to urge the dog into the water.

"Get it, Tiger, get it! that's a good dog!" said Mary.

"Take hold of it, sir! take hold of it!" said Ruth.

But neither coaxing nor flattery did any good. Tiger would go to the edge of the water, but he would not jump in. He wanted to go in, but he was afraid. The truth is, he was not used to salt water.

At last, Mary saw Frank Brown on the sands near by, and she called to him to come to their aid. Frank came so fast that he knocked down poor little Ruth who sat behind a rock near by, but whom Frank did not see. But Ruth only laughed, for she was not much hurt.

Frank soon waded in, and seized the little boat, and brought it safely back to Johnny; while Tiger barked at the boat, and rushed about in a very wild way.

Frank showed Johnny a safer place where to sail his boat; and there Johnny went and had a good time with his little sisters.



WHAT HARRY DID WITH THE CANDY.

IN FIVE SCENES. — ILLUSTRATED BY FROLICH.

L

HARRY stands at the window, eating the candy that his father gave him. He is in a very happy state of mind. He is free from care — as long as the candy holds out.



II.

But pretty soon it is all gone except just one mouthful. With this last bit puffing out his cheek, Harry goes back to his father's study. His father is searching for a paper. Harry sees that he is much worried and perplexed.



III.

Harry wishes to comfort his father. In Harry's view of the matter, there is no consolation so good as candy. The candy is not quite melted away. There is a little piece still left. Harry takes it out of his mouth, and offers it to his father.



IV.

"No, I thank you," says his father. But Harry still thinks that candy is what his father needs. Harry remembers that there was part of a stick left on the bureau. He will get that. It is as much as he can do to reach it.



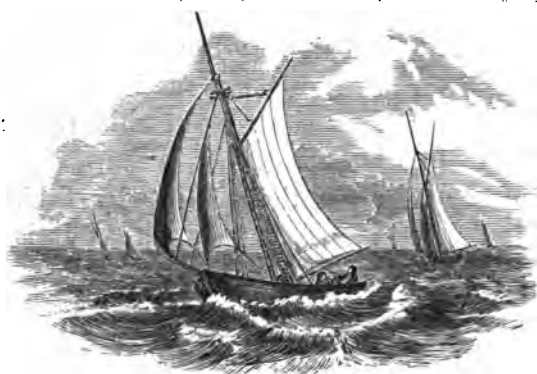
V.

Harry takes the stick of candy to his father, who is so much pleased that he takes Harry up in his arms. Harry holds the candy to his father's mouth. It seems to comfort him. Harry knew it would.



FANNY'S DOVES.

FANNY loves
Her pretty doves.
Fan and Puff and Plum,
Cream and Brown,
They flutter down,
And all around her come.
Coo, coo,
How do you do ?
Quite well, thank you : how are you ?



THE CODFISH.

WHEN I went to the seaside, I was glad to find that Sam Ward had come back once more. I dare say his wife and baby were very glad to see him, for he had been from home some time. When he goes away, it is to fish for cod; and, as he has to go a long way off in his boat to find the cod, he often stays out two or three weeks.

The cod is a fish that is of much use to us. It is not at all bony, and is very nice to eat: we also use it as a salt fish. It is cut open, salted, and spread on frames to dry. When this has been done, it will keep for a year or two.

An oil is made from the liver of the cod, that is of much use to any one who is very weak. Jane Ray was so ill, poor girl, with a very bad cold, that she was not able to sit up in bed, and she had to take some of this oil. It did her good, and in a week or two she was able to walk very well, and she can now go to work as she used to do; but she told me this oil was not at all nice.

When Sam goes in his boat, he has one or two men with him to help him to take the fish; and if they have good luck, they will soon fill the boat with them. The men who

fish for cod do not take a net, but have a line and hook. The fish will bite at the bait very fast, so that a good many can be got at one trip. As soon as the boat is full, the men go home, and sell as many as they can while fresh: the rest they salt.

A great many men get their living by fishing for the cod, which is taken in such numbers that it is sold at a low price.

A. L. BOND.



THE LAKES.

"THERE is the ocean! there is the great, wide ocean!"

So said a little boy, as he looked at this picture over my shoulder.

"Well, but," said I, "Master Tom, how do you know that it is the ocean?"

"Why, I should think I ought to know," said Tom. "Haven't I lived near the salt water all my life?"

"Yes," said I; "and that's a long, long time, — almost eight years. But, for all that, you are mistaken now. This is not the ocean. It is a lake. It is a thousand miles away from the ocean. And the water is not salt water; but it is fresh and clear and cool enough to drink."

"Well," said Tom, "if it is not the ocean, it is enough like it to be its own brother. I never saw a lake as large as this before. Why, I cannot see the other side of it."

"But did you never hear of Lake Erie, Lake Huron, Lake Michigan, and, greatest of all, Lake Superior? This boy in the picture, who lives on Lake Erie, could take you to many a place there where you could not see the opposite shore, even if you put on your grandfather's spectacles. At the

very place where he and his sister are looking out, it would take sharper eyes than yours to make out any land."

"I should like to see such a lake as that," said Tom.

"Perhaps I will show it to you next summer. If we are both alive and well, we will make a grand excursion. We



will take a steamer at Detroit, and go over the whole length of Lake Huron and Lake Superior. Then we will take the cars at Duluth, cross over to St. Paul, go down the Mississippi River to Davenport, and then come home by railroad."

"Oh, that will be a splendid trip!" said Tom. "I wish we could go now."

UNCLE SAM.



AT PLAY.

In the nursery playing,
See our household joys, —
Five beloved children
With their books and toys.

Merry shouts of laughter,
Ringing glad and free,
Fill the house with music,
And our hearts with glee.

No cross words are ever
From these children heard :
Ah ! what potent magic
Hath their young hearts stirred ?

“Love ye one another !”
They are daily taught ;
And they heed the lesson
As good children ought.

Would you have the sunshine
In your hearts all day ?
Then be kind and loving,
Children, at your play.

DEWDROP.



“Who ran to catch me when I fell,
And kissed my cheek to make it well ?
My mother.”

THE MINISTER'S CHILDREN.

THE minister came out of his study, and, going to the front door, looked up at the sky. East, west, north, south, — not a cloud to be seen.

“The very day to go to the gulf, blackberrying,” said he. “If any children want to go with me to catch the gray pony, they must be ready in just two minutes and a quarter.”

And then four boys — Seth, Samuel, Simon, and Sandy — scrambled about for their hats; and three girls — Susan, Thirza, and Tiny — scrambled for their bonnets; and, in a little less than two minutes and a quarter, they all started to the pasture to catch the gray pony.

They caught him very quickly; and the minister slipped the bridle over his head, and they led him back to the house. He was soon harnessed into the wagon. The children, with plenty of baskets, were all packed in, the minister took the reins, and off they started for the gulf.

I can't tell you much about the gulf. I only know it was not the Gulf of Mexico, nor any other gulf that you can find on the map. Indeed, there was no water about it. I suppose it ought to have been called the gully; but the minister's children called it the gulf. Lots of blackberries grew there; and the minister and his children picked and picked, and emptied their baskets into the big green bucket, till it was full.

Then the minister said they must go home; for a great black cloud was rising in the north-west, and there would be a thunder-shower by and by. So they began to count to see if all the children were there; and Tiny was missing.

They hunted up and down, and couldn't find her; and all

the time the black cloud was rising higher and higher. At last, they heard a little squeak, that sounded as if it came out of the ground. "Where are you, Tiny? Speak again!" said the minister.

"Here, papa! In this hole!" and, following the voice, the minister came to a little crevice, so overhung with blackberry bushes that you would not know there was a hole there.

"How came you in there?" said he.

"Oh! I fell in, and I can't get out; and there's such a lot of blackberries all round the edges, and I've got full, and got my basket full,—and now please help me out!" said Tiny.

The minister squeezed through the bushes, and reached down, and Tiny stood on the tips of her tiny toes, and reached up; and so she was fished out, with her face and hands all stained, and her basket full and running over.

"Why didn't you cry out?" asked Susan.

"'Cause I found such lots of berries, and I wanted to get my basket full," said Tiny.

Then they hurried into the wagon. The minister took the whip, and made the gray pony go at full speed; and they got home just as the rain began to pour down in torrents.

MARY A. CRAGIN.



"I'VE BEEN PICKING BLACKBERRIES!"

THE NOONDAY NAP.

It was a sultry day in the month of August. Little Helen had been playing out of doors till she was fairly tired out.

She was so hot and weary that she was glad to get back into the house; and when she saw that nice bed, with the clean, white coverlet, looking so cool and comfortable, she could not help throwing herself upon it, just as she was, to take a nap.

In a few minutes, her sister Susan came softly into the room, and looked at her. The tired child was fast asleep. But a fly was doing his best to wake her by tickling the tip of her nose. Another fly was making himself at home on her cheek. Another fly was trying to find something in her left ear. And two or three more flies were taking a walk on her little bare arms.

Helen was so very tired, that even this did not wake her; but it made her restless and uneasy. She tossed her arms about so that the flies took themselves off for a moment. But they would not stay away. Just as soon as she was at ease, they all came at her again, and brought five or six of their friends with them.

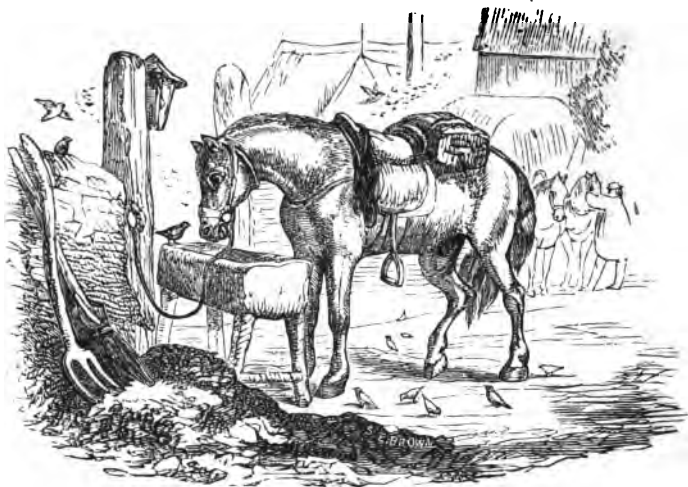
"This will never do," thought Susan. "I will not let my little sister be eaten up by flies."

So Susan went quietly to the bureau, and got a palm-leaf fan. Then she sat down by the bedside, and fanned away the flies, and kept such a cool stream of air playing gently over Helen's cheeks that the little girl had a sweet, refreshing sleep.

I don't know whether she dreamed that a good angel was watching over her as she slept; but, if she did, her dream was not very far from the reality.

JANE OLIVER.





THE HORSE AND THE BIRD.

BIRD.

"Old horse, if you'll not say me *neigh*,
I'll take a sip at your trough to-day:
If you think there is water enough for two,
I shall be much obliged to you."

HORSE.

"Really, my dear, you may drink your fill:
Take all you can, and all you will.
Enough for both you'll find in the trough;
And so, little birdie, do not fly off."

BIRD.

"Thanks for your kindness, you good old horse:
I'll stay and drink with you, of course;
And, when you are ready to jog along,
I'll hover about you, and sing you a song."

IDA FAY.



'AN EAGLE ATTACKING A BOY.

SOMETIMES, when an eagle gets very hungry, he has been known to attack children, and try to carry them off.

Once two little boys, one seven and the other five years old, were playing together in a field, while their father was resting from his work, and eating the dinner which they had brought him.

The elder boy had taken up his father's sickle, and was trying to reap, when he saw a huge eagle hovering just over their heads.

Strange to say, it took no heed of the younger boy, but fiercely attacked the elder boy, who, not in the least afraid, defended himself with the sickle he still held in his hand.

When the bird, having failed in his first attack, rushed upon him a second time, the brave little fellow struck at him with all his might, and killed him on the spot.

This eagle had been a long time without food: and so I suppose it made up its mind to attack the larger of the two children; but, like many greedy people, it came to grief by trying to get too much.

ALFRED SELWYN.



BERTHA'S TRUE STORY.

I AM a little girl. I live at Cedar Grove, and I take "The Nursery." I read in it a great many stories about pets, and I should like to see a story in it about *my* pets.

I have two very beautiful black hens, as soft as silk, and with just a little touch of white on the edge of some of the feathers. Their names are Crow and Blackbird. I have two roosters. They are red and black, and very handsome. Their names are Muffle and Speck.

These four chickens are my pets. They play hide and seek with me, in our front yard under the cedars. They all get behind a tree till I hide behind another. When I say "chick," they come with their wings spread, to find me, and then fly up in my lap, and peck at my buttons.

Now, I will tell you a good thing Speck did. A hen was killed the other day, and left five small chickens. When Speck saw their mother was gone, he began to take care of them himself. He walked round with them all day, just like the hen, and scratched for them, and brooded them under his wings.

Then, at night, he went and slept with them under the steps, as their mother used to. I think Speck is a good rooster, — don't you?

BERTHA.



THE GLEANERS.

COME to the cornfields ! * who will go ?
To the golden cornfields ! who will go ?

* The "cornfields" here referred to are the cornfields of Europe, which in this country would be called fields of wheat or other grain. The poppy, which is here only seen in gardens, grows there as a common weed in the cornfields.

Where the full-eared corn lies low,
And the scarlet poppies blow, —
Who will go ?

Underneath these skies of blue, —
Bright and happy skies of blue, —
There is work for all of you, —
Kate and little Harry too,
Work for you.

The busy gleaners they are here, —
Young and old, they all are here.
Work now like the busy bee, —
Like the busy honey-bee, —
Help, children dear !

GERDA FAY.



A PRESENT FOR MARIA.

Do you see what Thomas, the gardener, is giving to Maria ? It is a pretty little canary-bird in a cage. Thomas has bought it on purpose for her.

He makes her a present because he likes her. She has always been kind to him ; and what pleases him still more is, that she has been kind to his little boy, — the boy who is playing with the wagon.

Do you see what that little boy holds with his left hand ? He holds two red apples. Maria has just given him those apples. He is greatly pleased with them. He will not drop them if he can help it ; but he must try to move the wagon with his other hand.

The other little boy in the picture is Maria's brother Paul. I am sorry to say that he is not a very good boy. He is

not pleased to see a present given to his sister. He wonders why presents are not given to him.

I can tell you the reason, Master Paul. It is because you



think only of yourself. You never try to please anybody else. You must learn to be obliging and friendly to others if you would have them care for you.

ALFRED SELWYN.



HOW NED KNEW WHO WAS HIS FRIEND.

NED was born on our farm. He was a fine young donkey, and we were all fond of Ned. When Ned was young, I used to play with him; and I gave him bread and cake, and oats and hay; and one day I gave him a cup of tea.

“Oh! did Ned like the tea?”

Yes, Ned liked the tea. When Ned was three years old, I rode on Ned's back: I was so fond of Ned, and Ned was so fond of me!

One day a bad man came, and stole Ned out of the field. We tried to get Ned back; but no one could tell us where Ned was gone.

Days went by, and days went by, and we could not hear of Ned; and we thought we should not hear of Ned any more.

Some years went by. One day I took a walk in town, and I saw Ned standing in a cart at the door of a shop in the town. “Oh!” said I: “there is Ned, my dear, dear, Ned.”

But, though I knew Ned, I did not know if Ned would know me; and I went up to Ned. I said, quite

low and soft, "Ned, Ned!" and Ned turned his head, and looked in my face, and rubbed his nose on my hand, and brayed out, as plain as if he had said in words, "Oh! I am glad, I am glad! I know you. I see you once more. I am glad, I am so glad!"

Then I put a bit of cake in my hand; and Ned ate the bit of cake out of my hand, just as he did eat it in the days that had gone by.

When the man came out of the shop, he wanted to take Ned away; but I said, "No, no! Ned is my donkey. Ned must go with me!"

And the end of it was, Ned did go with me; and I took Ned home, and Ned has been with me since that day when I took him home. Was he not a wise Ned?



THE SWAN AND THE FOX.

THE swan builds its nest among the rushes near the edge of the water. It is very bold in the defence of its young.

It is not safe even for men to approach the old swans when their little family are around them: for the female swan attacks every creature that comes near the nest; and a blow from her powerful wings has been known to break a man's arm.

A fox once attempted to attack a swan's nest in Buckinghamshire, England. The female swan darted at him, and forced him under water with her wings, until she succeeded in drowning him; after which, in the sight of several persons, she returned to her nest in triumph.

ALFRED EVELYN.

THE BIRDS'-RIGHTS MEETING.

WHAT birds pecked the cherries on Barnaby's tree ?

"I pecked them, for one," said a bold Chickadee.

"And so did I peck them," said Robin Redbreast ;

"And, what's more, the cherries I pecked were his best.

"Didn't he have some red flannel, one day,

Put up in the tree just to scare me away ?

But I'm not afraid of red flannel one bit."

"And I'm not afraid !" said a little Tomtit.

"Didn't he aim with an old rusty gun

At me ?" said a Sparrow. "Oh, wasn't it fun !

He meant to affright me ; but I didn't care :

I just chirrupped out to him, 'Shoot if you dare !'"

"Hear me, my brave birds," said a solemn old Crow :

"This Barnaby I have good reason to know ;

His insults for many a year I have borne,

When peacefully trying to harvest my corn.

"My treatment of him has been civil and fair :

I've always been willing to give him a share ;

I never have grudged him my corn or my beans.

But nothing can teach him what gratitude means.

"My friends, I shall soon lay before you a plan

To *put down* this insolent creature called 'man,' —

A creature that has neither feathers nor wings,

Yet sets itself up to be very great things.

"I hereby proclaim, in the plainest of words,

That henceforth mankind must succumb to the birds.

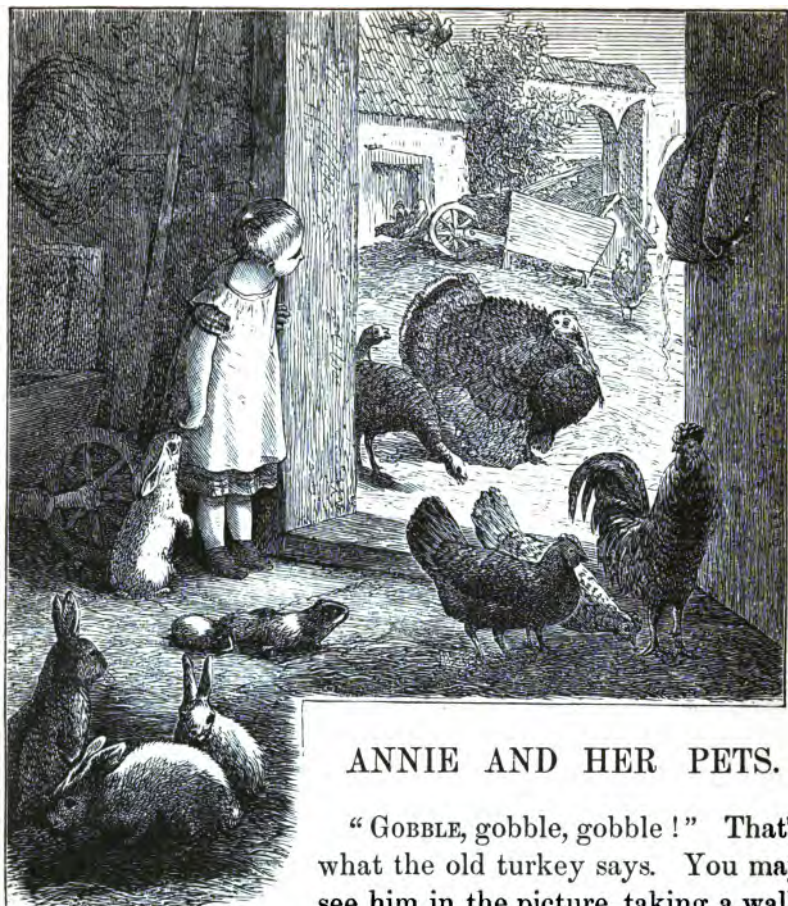
I'm glad that this Barnaby's cherries you pecked :

The man has no rights that a bird should respect."

This speech was received with a round of applause.
"Your cheers," said the crow, "argue well for the cause ;
When next we assemble, my plan you shall learn :
There's Barnaby coming — 'tis time to adjourn."



This little girl was peeping through a hole in the fence while the birds were chattering. She saw a robin, a tomtit, a chickadee, a sparrow, and a solemn old crow. The crow was perched on the top of a dead tree. The other birds were on some bushes. They all seemed to be talking together. The little girl wondered what they were saying.



ANNIE AND HER PETS.

“GOBBLE, gobble, gobble !” That’s what the old turkey says. You may see him in the picture, taking a walk

with his wife.

“I don’t like you, old turkey. You are cross. You are proud. You strut like a peacock ; but you are not handsome. I am half afraid of you. I will stay in here with my dear rabbits and my guinea-pigs till you get by.”

That’s what Annie says. She is the little girl in the picture, who is peeping round the corner of the doorway. You see how lovingly that little rabbit is reaching up to lick her hand.

The rabbits and the guinea-pigs, and the doves and the chickens, and even the old rooster, are fond of Annie. She pets them all. But she does not like the turkeys.

I wish you could all see what a dear old place this farmhouse is where Annie is staying. It is just such a place as children like best. Such a range as there is of queer old rooms and out-houses! What fun it would be to rummage round in them!

Nothing would delight Annie more than to show you all the crooks and turns. And, if you should feel like having a game of "hide and seek," you would find her always ready to take a part in it.

JANE OLIVER.

MY DOG LION.

My dog Lion is a queer dog. He is very old, and his head is gray like the head of an old man. You would laugh if you could see him. I will tell you some of his tricks.

Once he stole a piece of dried meat that had a string tied in one end. He carried it away and hid it. His mistress called him up to her. Said she, "Lion, you are a very bad dog. You are a thief. Go and fetch me that meat." Poor Lion went away, and soon came back with the meat, and laid it down at his mistress's feet.

Lion loves to follow a horse. One day, he saw a horse and sleigh standing at the door. He could not wait for the driver to come; so he got into the sleigh, and took the reins in his mouth. He sat up on the seat like a man. He pulled the reins, and off he went like a fast young man.

He barks at the moon when we are all asleep. At night, he goes into the field, and gets the cow. Is he not a good dog?

UNCLE NED.

MOON, SO ROUND AND YELLOW.



MOON, so round and yellow,
Looking from on high,
How I love to see you
Shining in the sky !
Oft and oft I wonder,
When I see you there,
How they get to light you,
Hanging in the air ;

Where you go at morning,
When the night is past,
And the sun comes peeping
O'er the hills at last.
Some time I will watch you
Slyly overhead,
When you think I'm sleeping
Snugly in my bed.

MATTHIAS BARR.

THE FISHERMAN'S BOYS.



THE FISHERMAN'S BOYS.



OLD Peter has been a fisherman all his days. He has a small sail-boat, and in it he goes out to fish. Sometimes he goes so far as to be out of sight of the land.

He has two sons, Arthur and John. Arthur is the younger. See them in the boat with their father. They have been catching fish, and now are on their way home.

Arthur has both hands on the helm, and is steering the boat. John sits where he can balance it best; and Peter holds the rope with which he can manage the sail. They are far from land, and the waves swell and toss.

The fisherman's life is a hard one; and its dangers are many. Last month, I went to the seaside, and hired a room in Peter's house; for, besides his two sons, he has a wife and daughter, and they help him by taking boarders.

One night, Old Peter and the boys were out fishing, when a wild storm came on; and we thought they must be lost. We lit a fire on the shore to guide them in the darkness; and we rang a bell to let them know where the rocks lay.

But the night passed away, and morning came, and still there was no sign of Old Peter and his two boys; but, just as we had begun to give up all hope, we heard a shout, and then Arthur ran in, and told us they were all safe.

They had been taken on board a large ship, and their good boat was safe and sound. Very glad we were to see them all.

The good mother wept and laughed by turns; little Emma danced for joy; and we all gave thanks to God for sending home safely these toilers of the sea.

UNCLE CHARLES.



PREPARING FOR SCHOOL.

THE holidays are over
For little Master Jack:
Four weeks he's been at home, and now
To school he's going back.

So make him neat, and brush his hair,
And then to school away:
A time for all things may be found,—
Alike for work and play.



BROWNIE AND THE BEE.

ONE day, little Brownie was stung by a bee. It hurt him very much; so he had a rag tied on, and then went and talked to the bee. This is what he said,—

“You naughty robber-bee! You stole my blood, and so my brother killed you: now, don't you feel bad?”

When he came in, his sister said, “Do you feel better, Brownie?” — “Yes, I do,” he said. “I scolded the bee, then I stamped on him; and he said nothing, only *smashed*.”

COUSIN ASENATH.



THE BOY AND THE SWAN.

"LISTEN, you boy there among the trees,—
Just keep away from my children, please.
And, sir, I'll beg you to drop that stone:
I don't often speak in an angry tone;
But you'd best run off, or I'll make you feel
What a sturdy blow my wing can deal."

The cowardly boy ran off with speed:
He feared the reward of his evil deed.
The swan pursued, to increase his fear,
But soon came back to her children dear:
To tend her young gave her far more joy
Than thus to run after each idle boy.

Be kind to the meanest things that live:
Never a pang that is needless give.



THE FIRST LESSON.

CORPORAL, the dog, takes his first lesson in good manners. Charles teaches him to shake hands, and shows him which is his right paw, and which is his left. Corporal learns so quickly, that Henry, who is looking on, is quite surprised.

AUNT MARY'S BULLFINCH.



EDITH has been to see her Aunt Mary's new bird. Aunt Mary brought it from Germany. It is a bullfinch. Here I show you a picture of it.

Aunt Mary's bird is what they call a "piping bullfinch;" by which we mean that it has been taught to pipe or sing tunes.

Aunt Mary took Edith on her knee, and told her about these piping bullfinches.

"There are men," said Aunt Mary, "who spend a great deal of time in teach'ing these birds to sing tunes, and who then sell them for a high price."

"It must be fun'ny, must it not, to see a school of bullfinches learn'ing to sing? Shall I tell you how they are taught?"

"First of all, they are taken when they are quite young,—not more than ten days old; and they have great care given to them till they are about two months old, when they grow to be quite tame."

"Soon they begin to whistle; and then their master knows it is time to begin to teach them. What does he do then, do you think? Does he fetch out prim'ers and spell'ing-books, and pencils and slates? Oh, no! nothing of the kind."

"He di-vides his little school into class'es of about six birds in each, and shuts them up in a dark room, where they are left for some time without any food. The poor little birds wonder what it all means, and grow quite sad."

"Then their master comes in, and begins play'ing over and over one tune on what is called a bird-organ; that is,

a kind of t'iny or'gan, the notes of which are very like those of a bullfinch.

"Soon the little birds begin to listen; and, after the same air has been played over, I am sure I cannot tell you how many times, some of the birds try to sing the air.

"As soon as they do this, some food is given to them as a reward, and the light is let in; and so, at last, they begin to find out what their master wants them to do.

"The same thing goes on day after day, for a long time, till they sing quite bold'ly; and then the classes are broken up, and each bird is put under the care of a boy, who plays that one tune over all day long, so that the bullfinch may learn it well.

"These little birds remember their teach'ers a long time, and often seem very fond of them.

"In his wild state, the bullfinch is quite a good singer; and it is funny to watch him while he is singing. He puffs out his feath'ers, and moves about his head, as if trying to do his best; but, when he sees some one look'ing at him, he will fly off."

This was the end of Aunt Mary's story; and then her little bullfinch sang the tune of "Sweet Home." Edith was much pleased, and went home and told her mother all about the piping bullfinch.

IDA FAY.





MOTHER'S JOY AND MOTHER'S PLAGUE.

SAY, what shall I do with this baby ?
In his crib now he ought to be sleeping ;
Yet here he is, wild for a frolic,
And here wide awake he'll be keeping.

He wants all the folks to amuse him ;
He thinks they can do nothing wiser :
But, baby, have mercy, I beg you !
Go to sleep ; for you're not a late riser.

"Sleep, sleep, my dear, hush-a-by baby !"
No, no ! See him laugh at the notion !
'Tis plain there's no peace for his mother ;
For baby wants all her devotion.

EMILY CARTER



JULIA'S DONKEY.

JULIA and her Brother Fred are staying in a small village in Germany. Last month, Julia's Cousin Rachel, who lives in Ohio, got this letter from Julia, —

“What do you think I am the owner of, Cousin Rachel? I know you cannot guess. Well, it is a donkey; and his name is Ned.

“A seat with a place for my feet is strapped on Ned's

back ; and then I mount, and sit at my ease, and ride over the hills and far away.

“Fred also has a donkey : and we ride out together while father walks by Fred’s side ; for Fred’s donkey does not mind as well as mine.

“I think there is a great difference in donkeys, just as there is in girls and boys. My donkey, Ned, is good and kind, and seems to love me ; for I pet him, and give him nice things.

“But Fred’s donkey is cross, and hard to manage. If Fred wants to go one way, the donkey is pretty sure to want to go another. If Fred whips him, the donkey will stand still, and refuse to move a step.

“It is not so with Ned. If I just say, ‘Faster, Ned!’ Ned will quicken his pace ; and if I say, ‘Stop!’ he will stand still till I tell him to go on.

“You do not see many donkeys in Ohio ; but here they are quite common. There are few persons in the country so poor as not to own a donkey.”

JULIA.





THE SISTERS.

I know two sweet little sisters, whose names are Blanche and Madge; but their pet names, which their nurses and elder sister gave them when they were tiny babies, and which they always call each other by, are Flower and P  arl. Indeed, their papa and mamma, and grandpapa and grandmamma, and aunts, and the servants, all call them by these names.

Blanche is five years old, and Madge is three. They take "The Nursery;" and both love it dearly. When a new one comes, little Pearl says, "Please, Flower, let me take 'The Nursery;'" and kind little Flower says, "You may see it with me, dear." Then their mamma places them together in a large easy-chair; and little black-eyed Madge's dark hair seems to blend lovingly with her sister's chestnut curls, as together they turn the pages of the welcome little book.

These little sisters always go to bed at six o'clock. They have an early supper; and sometimes Katy, the nurse,

reads to them from "The Nursery" before she puts them in their bed.

One night last week, a light cloud came over the sun just as the two children were eating their bread and milk. Glancing up at the window, little Madge said, "Hurry, Flower, the *blue* is going away, and it will be too dark to read."

When bedtime comes, and their little white night-dresses are put on, when they have knelt side by side, and said their "Now I lay me," patient Katy bids them good-night; and the two little sleepers are soon away in the rosy dreamland of happy babyhood.

AUNT NELLIE.



THE CRICKETS AND THE KATY-DIDS.

COME, listen to the cheery tones
That echo through the dingle:
The Crickets pipe their sharp, shrill lay;
And now their voices mingle
With prattle of the Katy-dids,
Who do not cease their labors
Until 'tis known that Katy *did*
By all the listening neighbors.
The Fireflies, with their pretty lamps,
Come flitting o'er the wicket,
And want to know *what* Katy did;
And now a merry Cricket
Hopes, "if poor Katy did no harm,
The gossips all will rue it,"
And says, "If Katy *did*, why sure,
She didn't *mean* to do it."

COUSIN LUCY.



HOW THE CAT SAVED THE HOUSE.

ONE day my cat ran up stairs to the room where my maid was, and cried, “Mew! mew! mew!” as loud as it could.

“What can the cat want?” said my maid. “The cat knows that she must not run up stairs. What can the cat want?”

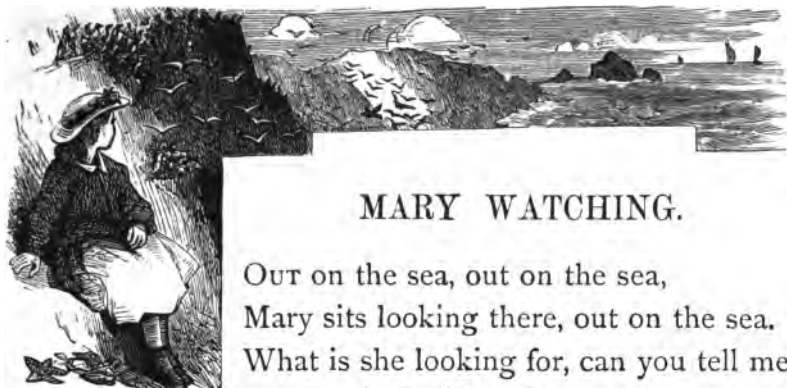
So the maid went to the door; and, when the cat saw the maid, it said,

“Mew! mew! mew!” more and more loud, and ran to the top of the stairs, and said, “Mew! mew! mew!” just as if it would like to say, “Come! Come as fast as you can!”

And my maid went with the cat; and, when my maid came to the room down stairs, the stand on which she had hung some caps to dry lay on the fire, and the caps were all in a blaze.

So, if the cat had not run fast, and said, “Mew, mew!” to the maid, the house would have been on fire, as well as the caps. Was not that a good cat, to run so fast to tell the maid?

I once saw a bad boy try to make a dog bite a cat; but the dog was a good, brave dog, and would not harm the cat.



MARY WATCHING.

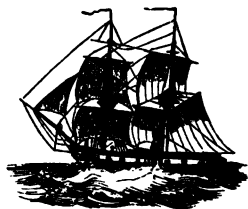
OUT on the sea, out on the sea,
Mary sits looking there, out on the sea.
What is she looking for, can you tell me,
As she sits looking there, out on the sea?

Merry and free, merry and free,
Swallows fly out from their holes by the sea:
Not at the glad soaring swallows looks she,
As she sits lonely and still by the sea.

Far out at sea, far out at sea, •
Her father is sailing there, far out at sea:
Soon lost to sight his gay vessel will be;
Then home will go Mary, away from the sea.

Sad will she be, sad will she be,
Thinking of father dear, far out at sea.
Come here next month, my Mary, and we
May see him returning home, home, from the sea.

EMILY CARTER.



CAUGHT IN A SHOWER.

It was a bright afternoon in autumn : Mary and Ellen and George were taking a stroll in the fields. All of a sudden, Ellen noticed a black cloud, and said she thought there was a shower coming up ; but Mary and George did not agree with her : so they all wandered on until Mary had plucked her apron full of flowers.

By this time, it was nearly sundown. The clouds had been gathering, one by one, till the whole sky was overcast. Darkness seemed to be coming on fast.

Then there came a sharp flash of lightning, and the sound of distant thunder. Then the wind began to blow in gusts.

The three children ran quickly, and crouched down behind some large sheaves of wheat. It was the only shelter at hand ; and here they were sheltered only from the wind.

"It does not rain much yet," said Mary, holding out her hand to feel the drops.

"But I'm afraid," said Ellen, "that we are going to have a tornado."

"It looks to me," said George, "as though we should have rain and wind and thunder and lightning of the hardest kind in a very few minutes. The sooner we get away the better."

"But we shall get wet," said Ellen.

"No matter," said Mary : "we are neither sugar nor salt. Besides, we shall be drenched if we stay here. Let us see who will get home first."

So off they started at full speed. It was lucky they did ; for they had hardly reached the house before the rain came down in torrents.

"If we had staid just three minutes longer," said George, "we should all have been caught in the shower."



CAUGHT IN A SHOWER.



THE FIRST JOURNEY.

HERE on our journey we're starting away,
 Merry and confident, happy and gay ;
 Full of frolic and brimming with fun :
 We know not sorrow, and cares we've none.
 Old people tell us, as onward we go,
 There wait for us trouble and anguish and woe ;
 But why should we think of them ere they come ?
 We may meet them, and pass them, and still get home.
 And thus like children we'll journey through,
 Simple and honest, trustful and true.

H. W. DULCKEN.





THE DOLL'S PARTY.

WHEN I was a little girl, my mother once let my Doll Belinda give a doll's party.

I sent out cards, in Belinda's name, to all the dolls of my acquaintance; and their little mothers brought them, and we had quite a merry time.

My cousin, Jenny Lee, had a doll dressed as a soldier.

Major Muff was his name. The major was introduced to Belinda and to the other dolls; and he bore himself just as a major should, though some thought him rather stiff.

There was another gentleman-doll at the party. His name was Sir Charles Swell. He was what is called a "dandy." In the picture I give you, Sir Charles sits upon the table, and tries to win the heart of a very amiable doll, Miss Belvidera Belle.

In the course of the evening, Major Muff took offence at the attentions which Sir Charles paid to the lady-dolls; and there was a quarrel between the two gentlemen.

It ended in a duel with pistols; and Sir Charles fell at the first fire. Belvidera went into hysterics on seeing him fall; and Major Muff was arrested, and put in prison, from which he was rescued by Belinda.

I cannot tell you all the funny things that took place before the doll-party broke up. Sir Charles was cured of his wound by a famous doctress from Paris, and was made to shake hands with Major Muff. Sir Charles then knelt to Belvidera, and she gave him her hand.

Wine and cake and grapes were passed round; but, though the wine was made of cherry-juice, I grieve to say the gentlemen took too much, and their legs slipped from under them, so that they fell on the floor. They were made to sign the temperance-pledge. The cake was of pressed rose-leaves and sugar; and the grapes were dried currants.

We had music from Jenny Lee, who brought a comb which she blew through, having first covered it with paper.

Now that I am a grown woman, I often look back with a smile on the doll's party; and I recall with a tear all the dear little friends who were with me on that far-off day.



ON THE ISLAND.

On a fine day in June, Arthur Smith said to his little brother and sister, "Come with me, and I will give you a row in a boat."

So the little brother and sister went with Arthur. And they all got into the boat, and Arthur pushed the boat away from the shore ; and soon they were afloat in the bay.

"Let us go to that little island," said Sister Mary.

So Arthur rowed and rowed till they got to the island.

Then they all stepped out of the boat, and ran about the little island, and picked up shells on the beach, or flat stones which they might make skip over the water.

All at once, Arthur looked round, but could not see his boat: it had floated away, and was out of sight.

Arthur now began to feel how much in the wrong he had been. He ought to have asked his mother before going in the boat.

The children soon grew tired, and lay down on the grass to sleep. Rover, the dog, put his head between his paws, and went fast asleep too.

But Arthur was too anxious to sleep. He sat by their side, and thought what he should do if they had to stay all night on the island. The poor boy was worried enough, I can tell you.

What should they do if they had to stay a whole week? What should they do for food, for fresh water, for fire, for shelter?

While Arthur thought of all these things, he heard the sound of a horn; and, looking over the water, he saw two boats coming towards the island.

Soon he saw that one of the boats was the boat he had come in, but which had floated away from the island. In this boat were his papa and mamma; and in the other boat sat their man Ralph, with their good dog Captain.

Arthur was glad when he saw they would not have to stay on the island; and the father and mother were glad to find the dear children safe and well.

The Captain barked with joy; Rover barked with him; and Arthur promised that he would not go in a boat again without asking leave.

The children woke up from sleep. Then they all had a pleasant row back to the mainland.

EMILY CARTER.



UNDER THE APPLE-TREE.

DORA, Isabel, and Carlo went out under the tree to pick apples. Isabel and Carlo sat down on the grass, and began to play, and to bite the apples; while Dora worked hard to fill her basket.

"That's not the way to do," said Dora, as she turned round and saw the two idlers on the grass. "You ought to help

me fill my basket. I don't stop to play, though I have my jumping-rope here under my arm. See! I have almost filled my basket while you have been lying down there."

"Well, I am ready to help you," said Isabel, as she threw away the apple she had in her hands. "Come, Carlo, don't try to swallow that big apple. You may choke yourself."

Carlo dropped his apple, and barked; and then the two little girls filled the basket with the choicest apples they could find.

But, as they were going home, they met an old lame horse by the roadside. His name was Jack; and, when Jack saw the apples, he came up and looked at Dora, as much as to say, "How I would like one of those nice apples!"

So Dora gave him one; and that was so good that he wanted one, two, three, more. He would have taken four, five, six, more: but Dora said, "No, old Jack; we can't afford to give you any more."

Well, they walked on, but had not gone far, when old Flora, the cow, saw them, and came up to beg for an apple: so Dora gave some of the apples to Flora.

Then they met a poor woman with three children; and Dora thought, since she had given apples to the horse and the cow, she ought to treat the children as well: so she gave some to the children. She gave them as many as they could eat, and let them fill all their pockets besides.

"Why, Sister Dora," said Isabel, "the basket is empty. All our apples are gone. You have given away every one. I'm glad that I ate one while we were under the tree."

"Yes," said Dora, "they are all gone; but I have enjoyed them more than if I had eaten them all myself."

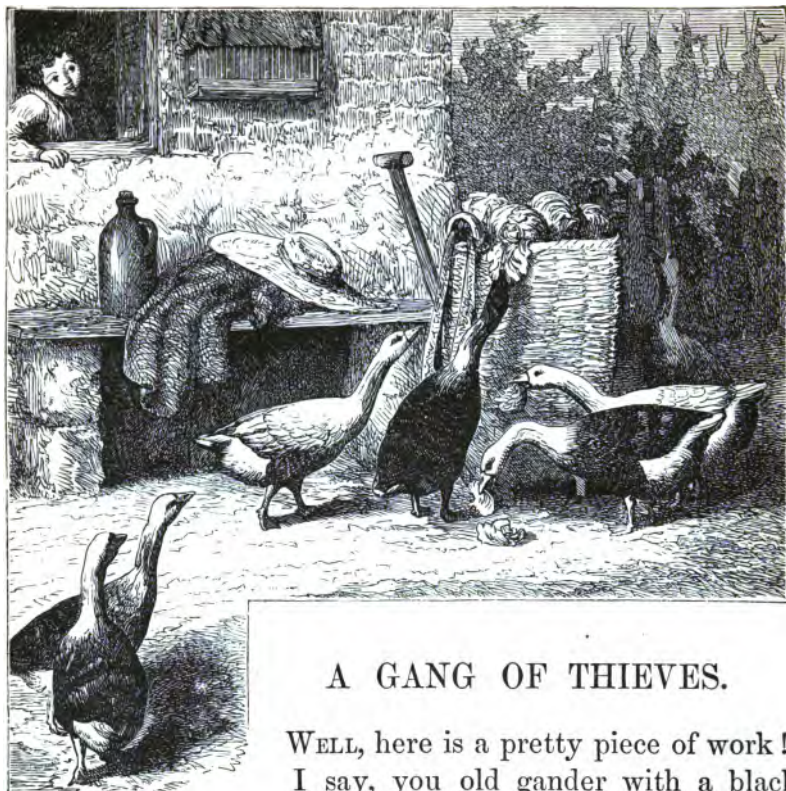
Dora finds her joy in doing good to others; and I think that is what makes her so happy all the time. EMILY CARTER.



AT THE PUMP.

PUMP away, pump away, sister of ours!
Water's the thing for us and the flowers;
Roses and children would droop, day by day,
Had they no water: so, Jane, pump away.

Water for washing, and water for drinking;
There's nothing like water, fresh water, I'm thinking:
Put nothing but water in cup and in pitcher,
And then, merry men, you'll be wiser and richer.



A GANG OF THIEVES.

WELL, here is a pretty piece of work !

I say, you old gander with a black head, do you know that you and your friends are breaking the law ? Do you suppose I am going to stand here, and let you rob the family in this way, right before my eyes ?

Do you hear what I'm saying ? Are you all deaf ? I tell you, those cabbages don't belong to you.

What's that you say, you black-headed old villain ? You like the flavor of them just as well as if they did belong to you ? You didn't exactly say that ; but you meant it. I saw it in your eye.

So you answer me with insolence, do you ? And all the rest of your gang hiss at me as though they thought it a good joke. What is *sauce* for the goose is sauce for the gander, of course.

Well, well, go on in your own way. Don't mind my warning. Eat the cabbages. Grow fat upon them. But by and by, — say about Christmas-time, — when your heads come off, perhaps you will be more serious. You'll be grave enough when you are served up with gravy.

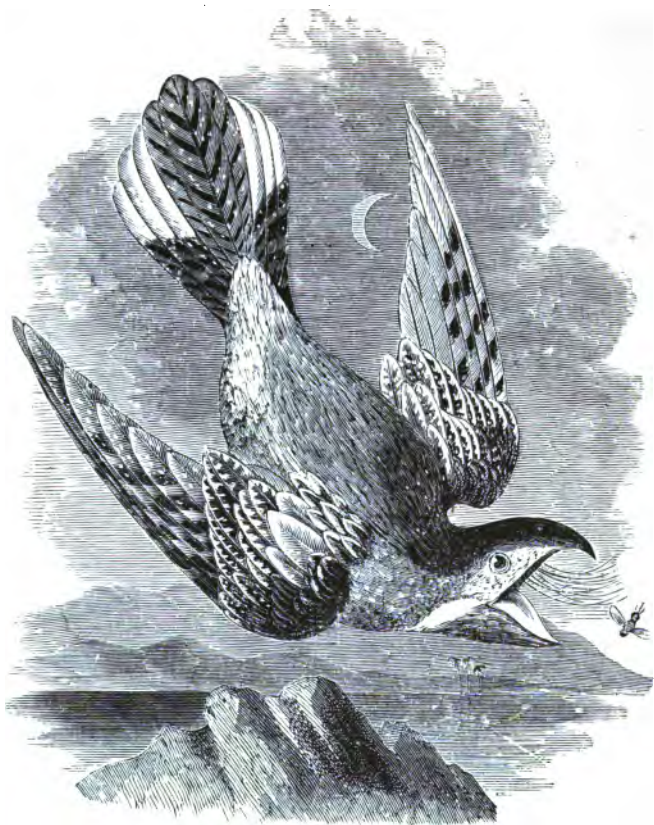
THE BOY IN THE PICTURE.



A SUMMER WALK.

WHEN the golden ears of wheat
Ripen in the summer heat,
And the scarlet poppies blow,
Through the harvest-fields we go.
Fanny brings her little goat;
And, to deck his silken coat,
See! a pretty wreath she twines
From the mingled flowers and vines.

AMY BROWN.



OUR WHIPPOORWILL.

THE whippoorwill usually sings in the night, and takes his name from his song, which sounds very much like "*whippoo'-will!*" We call the one I am going to tell you about "Our whippoorwill," because he has his home close to our house, and we hear him singing nearly every evening.

We live in the country, half a mile from any other house; and it is very pleasant sometimes to hear even the voice of a bird.

Sometimes, before the twilight is passed, he comes to the

very door; and, squatting on the flat stone step, he sings, "*Whip-poo'-will!*" till he seems to be almost out of breath. Then he makes a low clucking noise, which sounds very much like an old hen calling her chickens. After a few minutes, he flies away again, but keeps on singing in the fields or in the wood.

John, who works on the farm, says he sometimes wakes up at one o'clock, — long before daybreak, — when he hears the whippoorwill singing away as lively as ever. He seems to be as cheerful in the darkness as other birds are in the sunshine.

I presume many of the little boys and girls living in the city never heard a whippoorwill; but our little Annie would like to have her fellow-readers know what a pleasant serenade she has almost every night.

WEST WOODSTOCK, CONN.

UNCLE JERRIE.



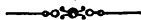
SEE THE DUCKS FLOATING ON THE WATER.



THE LITTLE SHOE-BLACK.

"CLEAN your boots, sir? Clean your boots, ma'am?" cried Joe Turner, as the people passed him in the street.

It was a dirty day, and Joe hoped a great many people would want their boots cleaned. And so they did. First came a shopman, then a sailor, and then a gentleman on his way to his office, and then a farmer; and so it went on all day. In the evening, when Joe counted his money, he had seventy-five cents in his box.



THE LOST CANARY.

A FRIEND of mine had a little canary, which she called Dick. He was a beautiful singer.

One morning, as my friend was washing birdie's cage, she happened to twist the wires a little. She did not notice it for some time, and then saw, to her sorrow, that Dick had flown away. She looked for him about the place, but could not find him; and at last she gave him up.

Our farm was just next to that on which my friend lived. About five o'clock in the afternoon, we happened to be walking in front of the house, when we saw a cunning little bird standing on the doorstep.

Papa tried to catch him; but the little bird flew away every time he came near. Then mamma told me to run to my friend's house, and ask if she had lost her bird.

I did so; and my friend said "Yes." She then took the cage, and walked back with me, when we found that the little bird had just gone to sleep.

My friend went softly up, and took hold of him, and put him into the cage. The poor little thing was glad to find himself in the cage; for he was very hungry and tired.



Afterwards my friend bought a mate for Dick. I often went to see her when she was feeding the birds. She would say, "Now, Dicky, you must come and eat this nice piece of chickweed, and then you must sing us one of your prettiest songs. You must not try to fly away again; for you would not know where to go, or how to find food out of doors."



THE REAPERS.

EVERY morn,
Among the corn,
The reapers are busy and blithe;
And a song they sing,
As they merrily swing
Around them the glittering scythe.

They see the lark,
Like a tiny spark,
Far up in the blue, blue sky;
And beneath their feet
The dewdrops sweet
Like millions of diamonds lie.

MATTHIAS BARB.





THE TWO SWANS.



ONCE there were two white swans who had a home on a little pond. In the middle of this pond there was an island; and on this island grew an old tree; and behind the old tree the swans had a snug little house.

The swans led a happy life. There were no bad boys to throw stones at them; but, at times, four kind children — brothers and sisters — would row round the pond in a boat, and look at the swans, and give them crumbs of bread to eat.

White lilies showed their heads on the pond; and of these the children would pluck a few, and take them home to their parents, who loved the smell of pond-lilies.

But one day a black duck flew down on to the pond where the swans had their home: and this duck must have known the language of swans; for he told them of a fine, large lake, where they would have much more room to swim, and plenty to eat.

Now, one of these swans was named Crystal, and the other was named Snowflake. Crystal was a wise swan; but Snowflake did not have good sense.

"I would like to go on a fine, large lake, where we have more room to swim than here, and plenty to eat." That is what Snowflake, the foolish swan, said.

But Crystal said, "We have plenty of room here to swim in; and we have plenty of food to eat. Why should we go farther, and fare worse?"

But Snowflake said, "The black duck has seen a good deal of the world; and I mean to go with him to the large lake."

"You had better ask him first how he became lame in his right wing," replied Crystal.

But Snowflake did not ask the black duck how he became lame in his right wing. He went off with the black duck, and left Crystal all alone.

The children were sorry when they found that Snowflake had gone off. Every day, they came and fed Crystal, and petted him, and said they hoped he would not go off too.

One cool day in November, as Crystal stood on the island, at the door of his snug little house, he heard a cry, and thought to himself, "Why, that must be Snowflake's voice!"

Yes, it was poor Snowflake. He had gone to the large lake; and he had not been there long before he was shot in the right wing.

Crystal went and helped him over the pond to their snug little house on the island; and Snowflake said, "Ah! Brother Crystal, I wish I had let well enough alone. Why was I not content here where I had enough, and more than enough? Take my advice, Brother Crystal, and never give heed to the words of a black duck who is lame in his right wing."

ALFRED SELWYN.



JOHN GIVES THE OLD COW SOME HAY.



MY DOLLY.

HUSH, Dolly ; bye, Dolly ; sleep, Dolly dear.
See what a bed, Dolly, I've for you here !
Therefore to sleep, Dolly ! Don't fret and cry :
Lay down your head, Dolly ; shut up your eye.

When the bright morn, Dolly, once more has come,
Up gets the sun then, and goes forth to roam :
Then shall my Dolly get up from bed too ;
Then shall be playtime for me and for you.

Now go to sleep, Dolly ; good-night to you.
You must to bed, Dolly — I'm going too.
Just go to sleep without trouble or pain ;
And, in the morning, I'll come back again.



THE ERRAND-DOG.

THIS dog's name was Tiger. Although the name sounds very fierce, he was very kind and gentle.

He did many droll things ; but what pleased his master's family most was, that he could be sent to the store, like a little errand-boy.

When they gave him a *square* basket, he would take the handle in his mouth, and trot away to the provision-store, and get a piece of meat for dinner ; but, if the basket was *round*, away he would go down another street to the grocery-store, and get what was sent for ; never making a mistake.

Now, how do you think Tiger knew which was the right place for him to go to ? Does it not seem as though he had *thought* about it ?

AUNT KATE.



PETER'S VOYAGE.

I KNOW a little boy named Peter, who came all the way from England to America in a large steamship. I asked him to tell me what befel him on the passage ; and he said, —

“Uncle Peter and Aunt Sarah, and all my cousins, came down to the pier to see us off in the steamship. They waved their hats and handkerchiefs at us in sign of good-by.

“I waved my hat in return ; and, after the ship had started, I watched them until we were so far away, that I could not tell Uncle Peter from Cousin Bob. Then I went down below ; for I had some tears in my eyes, and a sort of choky feeling in my throat.

“Well, we were soon out of sight of land. I went to bed in what they call a berth. I slept till morning ; and then I

went on deck. I saw some gulls flying; and I saw a whale spouting water.



“A storm came on, which lasted three or four days; and all that time I had to stay below in the cabin with other children. Some of us were sea-sick; but I wasn't sea-sick.



“When the storm was over, I went on deck once more; and then I saw a large ship not far away from us. There

was a stiff breeze blowing ; and it was a fine sight to see her lean before it, and dash through the foam.

“The storm had not done much harm to our ship ; but, after we got to New York, we were told that another ship, during the storm, had sprung a leak, her boats were swept away, carrying some of the crew with them ; and the folks left on board had to make a raft, and get on to that, and leave the ship.

“There they were, — men, women, and children, — sailing about on the raft all night and part of the next day, when they were picked up by a sailing-vessel from Boston. All were saved ; but they had suffered fearfully from cold and exposure.

“In spite of the rough weather, I enjoyed my voyage very well ; but I was very glad to get safe on dry land in America.”

Such was the little boy's story ; and, as it is a true one, I hope you will like it.

IDA FAY.





THE WONDERFUL HOUSE.

A WONDERFUL house is Little-doll Hall,
With toys and dollies and sweetmeats and all :
Up in the attic, a goodly show,
There are three lady-dolls all in a row.

Old Mother Hubbard and Old Dame Trot
Are busy a-washing the linen ;
And Princess Prettypet, down below,
Sits in the garden spinning.
Behind, the maid — a very old maid —
Is carrying out the clothes
(I don't know if there's a blackbird near,
Prepared to snap off her nose) ;

And there stands the little maid by the well ;
And a little doll sits on the brink
(Her name is Belinda Dorothy Ann,
And that's a fine name, I think).
A little bird sits on the garden pale,
And his voice is clear and good :
He's one of the robins who covered up,
With leaves of the berries on which they did sup,
The children in the wood.

Jack Sprat lives there also, and Hop-o-my-thumb,
And Jack the Giant-killer,
And Humpty-Dumpty, and Puss in Boots,
Likewise the jolly Miller.
The white cat also — she wanders about
On every sunshiny day ;
And the saucy mice come creeping out
Whenever that cat's away.
And the nice little man who had a small gun,
Whose bullets were made of lead, —
He used to live there, but is not there now,
Because, poor fellow, he's dead !

All these might you see as plain as could be,
And many a fairy wight ;
But this cannot be, because — don't you see ?
They're every one out of sight.

And all that you find there, children and mother,
Have been in some fairy-tale or other ;
And therefore the good little children all
Are fond of going to Little-doll Hall.
And, if *you're* a good child, I and you
On some fine day will go there too.



HOW A DOG ACTED AS A POSTMAN.

A POSTMAN is one who takes round letters. A friend of mine lived with a Mrs. Day, who had a pet dog, whose name was Dash; and he was a nice, good dog. He knew all that she said to him, and would do all she told him to do.

When the postman came with the letters, Mrs. Day would take them, and would say to Dash, "Now, Dash,

here is a letter for Mrs. Brown. Take it to her room."

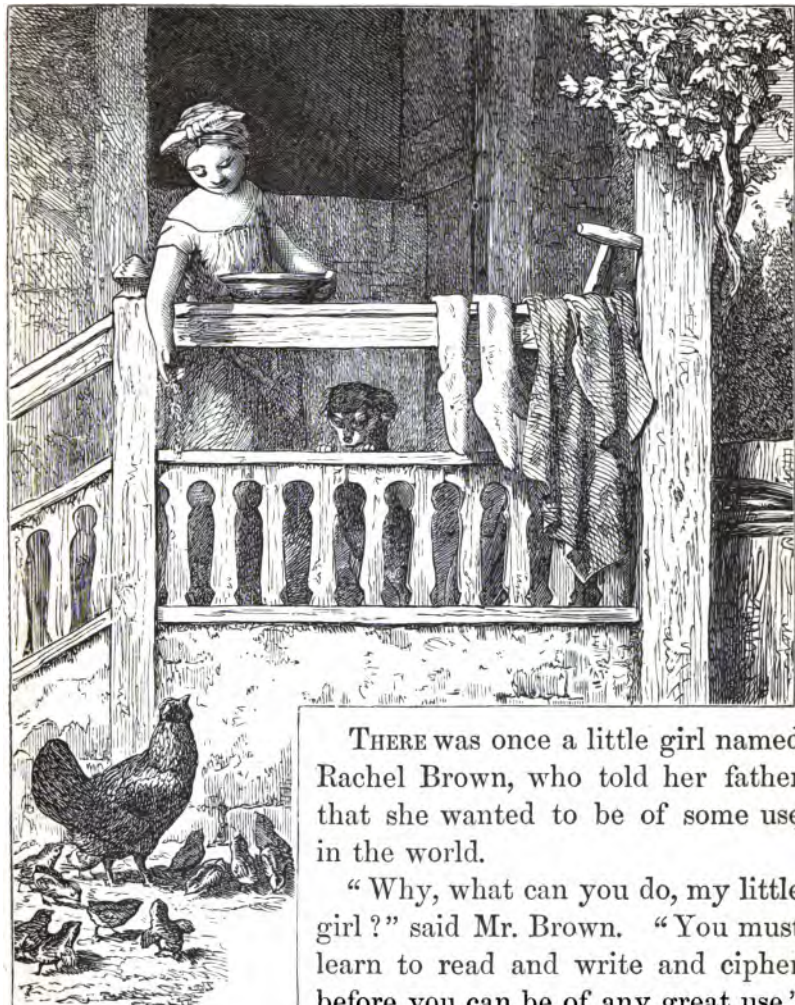
And Dash would take the letter in his mouth, and run up the stairs quick, and scratch at the door. Then Mrs. Brown would open the door, and take the letter.

Then Dash would look up at Mrs. Brown's face. Was he waiting to see if there was any answer to the letter? No: he was only waiting for Mrs. Brown to give him a piece of bread.

Then Dash would run down stairs, to see if there were more letters for him to take; and, if there were more letters for him to take, he would take them quite safe to those for whom they were meant.

Was he not a wise dog? Well might Mrs. Day be fond of her nice, good dog.

RACHEL AND HER CHICKENS.



THERE was once a little girl named Rachel Brown, who told her father that she wanted to be of some use in the world.

"Why, what can you do, my little girl?" said Mr. Brown. "You must learn to read and write and cipher before you can be of any great use."

"I can read a little now," said Rachel; "and I shall soon learn to write and cipher. I have plenty of time for play; and what I would like is to do something useful."

"Well, my dear, try and think what you would like to do, and then come and tell me," said Mr. Brown.

So Rachel thought and thought; and at last she thought that she would like to take care of the hens and chickens.

Now, Mr. Brown was a rich man, and he had a nice farm. So, when Rachel told him she would like to take care of the hens and chickens, he said she might do it.

"But," added he, "you must learn well how to take care of them." "I know it," said Rachel: "I will learn all I can about the habits of hens, and then do for them what is best."

So Rachel took charge of the hens; and every day she fed them with care. And they laid a good many eggs; and her father told her to sell the eggs, and keep the money for herself.

Rachel did as her father told her to; and, as her father paid all the cost of keeping the hens, her egg-money counted up pretty fast.

Rachel had no need of spending it, for her father gave her every thing that she wanted: so she saved it for future use; and ten years went by, and then her father lost all his money, and became so ill that he died.

Rachel was then a young lady; and she saw she must do something for a living. So she took the money she had saved up by selling eggs; and she bought a little cottage, and with it a good many hens.

She knew so well how to take care of them, and keep them in health, that she soon became famous for the eggs her hens laid; and she made money enough, not only for herself, but for her mother and younger sister.

Now, dear little readers, this is a true story; and I who write it am

RACHEL BROWN.



SUMMER FRIENDS.

"HEIGH-HO!" the dear birds keep calling,
"Let us be gone, every one ;
For, now that the year's at its falling,
Southward we'll follow the sun."

Sings the blackbird, "Hark! the wind grieves ;
Winter is surely at hand ;"
While robin replies, "The dead leaves
Are flying all over the land."

Pipes the wren, "I've a snug little home
Where the woodbines lattice my door :
Must I leave it, and far away roam ?
The thought makes my very heart sore."

"The woods are no more," trills the thrush,
"As they were in their tender prime ;
Spring no longer quickens the brush,
Nor touches the tremulous lime.

"Though the maples burn like a flame,
And the sumachs blush in the light,
Yet the land is no longer the same :
We are ready all for the flight."

MARY N. PRESCOTT.

THE GOOD BEAR.

"Now, sir, right face, forward, march!"

"What a noise those children are making!" said mamma, who was in the next room.

"Come along, sir! Come along! Hold up your head! Now, rub-a-dub, dub! Forward, march!"

Mamma thought she had never heard the children so noisy before. They loved to play soldiers; and Henry had a drum and two drumsticks; and never had she heard him make such a noise as now.

"What are they laughing at, those children?" said mamma to herself. "I never heard them laugh so loud before."

At last, mamma thought she would go and see what was going on. She opened the door, but started back with alarm when she saw,—what do you think she saw?

Why, there was a great black bear playing with the children. He had been a dancing-bear. He had been shown about in the streets, and had been used to see children about him, and to be fed by them.

This bear had strayed away from his master, and, seeing the door of a house open, had walked into a room where three children were at play. These children had seen the dancing-bear in the street, and knew he was a good, clever bear; and so were not afraid of him.

The eldest boy put his gun into the bear's paw; and the bear took it, and marched with the children, who thought it fine fun. One of the children took hold of the bear's chain.

The poor mother was so frightened at the sight, that she ran into the street, and called some men. The men came in, and took the bear by the chain, and led him to his master.

The children did not like to have the bear taken away from them in the midst of their fun. The bear, too, wanted



to stay and play; for the children had fed him with cakes and apples.

This is a true story; and the scene of it was in one of the northern cities of Europe.

EMILY CARTER.



MISCHIEF.

WHEN Emily's left in the parlor alone, some mischief she's sure to invent;

And in this little picture 'tis cleverly shown how one of her mornings was spent.

Her grandmother's spectacles happened to lie on the side-board, exposed to her view:

So she said to her kitten, "Come, puss, let us try if grand-mamma's specs will fit you."

For a minute or two, this is excellent fun, till a fly tickles puss on the ear;

When down fall the specs in a moment, and one of the glasses is broken, I fear.

AMY BROWN.



BABY-BUNTING.

THERE is a baby in our house who goes by the name of Baby-Bunting. That is not his real name. His real name is Thomas.

Baby-Bunting is the best baby I know of. He is always ready for a frolic; but, if you do not want a frolic, just give him a bone, or a crust of bread, and he will sit down on the carpet, and keep still for an hour at a time.

The other day, he fell, and rolled down a whole flight of stairs; and all he said when he came to the foot of the stairs was, "Dar!" He was not at all hurt.

Last summer, when we were at the seaside, we one day lost sight of Baby-Bunting. At last we found him seated on a stone with a big slice of bread in his hand. An old white horse had come up to beg for a bit of the bread; and baby was feeding him. The horse took great care not to hurt baby.

Baby-Bunting cannot talk much yet. He can say, "Dar" and "dat" and "dad;" and, when he wants sugar, he can say, "Shoo." But, if he cannot talk, he can make a noise, and point, so that we see at once what he wants.

Every night before he goes to sleep, baby calls for one song, which he seems to like more than any other, because he thinks it is his own. Perhaps you have heard it in your young days. Here it is:—

"By-low, Baby-Bunting,
Daddy's gone a-hunting
To get a little rabbit-skin
To wrap the darling baby in."

GRANDMA.



THE HUNTER'S DOG.

Look at Boxer! His master is out in the swamp, shooting game. Boxer has taken up a fine duck with his teeth. His master has shot it, and will take it to the market to sell.

The hunter has a little girl whose name is Ruth. Boxer is very fond of Ruth. One day, when she was a baby, she crept out into the middle of the road, where she was in danger of being run over by horses.

Boxer must have thought to himself, "The middle of the road is no place for a baby. A horse might come and hurt

her with his hoofs, or the wheels of a cart might go over her. I must pull Ruth away to a place where she will be safe."

So Boxer took hold of the baby's dress with his teeth, and



gently drew her away to the grass on the side of the road, where she would be safe.

Was he not a good and a wise dog? I would like well to have such a dog as Boxer for my own.

EMILY CARTER.



WHICH IS IT ?

I HAVE an apple :
Which hand has got it, —
Left hand, or right hand ?
No, sir : that's not it.

Now then, try again ;
Don't try to see :
This, or that, sir, —
Which shall it be ?

Left, or right ? Now tell me quick :
There's either an apple, or nothing, for Dick.

FROM THE GERMAN.

THE LAST SWALLOW.

ALL the swallows were flying off to the South, except one dear little swallow; and he staid on the wall, and looked round on the pleasant fields where he had been living; and he did not want to leave them.

Besides, he knew a little boy and girl who used to feed him; and he thought they would miss him if he flew off many long, long miles to the South, where there is no snow.

The other swallows called out to him to come with them, and fly off to the sunny South; but still he lingered, and did not care to go.



“ Follow, follow, follow,
Swallow, swallow, swallow ! ”

sang the others; but he did not heed them.

Then a black cloud came over the sky, and a chill breeze swept down over the earth; and the little swallow thought to himself, “ That must be the breath of old Winter of whom I have heard so much, and from whom all the birds of our family fly off because they do not like him. I have half a mind to stay and see what he is like.”

So the little swallow staid and staid, till it was too late for him to join his friends; and then it came on to snow. And the little swallow thought to himself, “ Oh ! I don't like this

at all. The grass is all covered with white ; and where are all the flies gone ? What shall I do for food ? ”

The little boy and girl who had been kind to him saw him, and let him know that they were willing to take care of him, and feed him. He flew round their heads once, twice, three times, as if to say, “ Good-by, dear little friends : I will be back again next spring, when the violets are in bloom. ”

Then the last swallow flew off in a straight line for the South, and left the rude, cold Winter behind him, and flew and flew till he found all his fellow-swallows, where the trees and bushes were yet green : and his fellow-swallows were all very glad to see him ; for they had been afraid he was lost.

IDA FAY.



TRUTH.

Boy, at all times tell the truth :
Let no lie defile thy youth.
If thou'rt wrong, be thine the shame :
Speak the truth, and bear the blame.

Truth is honest, truth is sure ;
Truth is strong, and must endure :
Falsehood lasts a single day,
Then it vanishes away.

Boy, at all times tell the truth :
Let no lie defile thy youth.
Truth is steadfast, sure, and fast,
Certain to prevail at last.



THE RUDE PLAYMATE.

“OAK-LEAF and maple-leaf!” Hear the wind call:
“Beech-leaf and willow-leaf, flutter and fall!
Red leaves and yellow leaves, orange and brown,
Dance on the shaken boughs, dance, and come down!
I’ll be your playfellow; careless and gay,
We will keep sporting through all of the day:
Up in the air, or about on the ground,
Merrily, merrily whirling around,
Hither and thither, wherever I blow,
Over the hills and the fields you shall go.”

“Red leaves and yellow leaves, flutter and fall!
Come to me, come to me!” Hear the wind call.
Fair are his promises. Off from the bough,
Down comes a pretty red maple-leaf now.
Poor little thing! By to-night it will be
Wishing again it were back on the tree.
Rude is the wild wind, and rough is his play;
Hardest of labor is sporting all day.

MARIAN DOUGLAS.



THE TAME DEER AND HER FAWN.

THE three Morton children lived with their parents on the border of a thick wood ; and they had a little dog called Waddle. You may see him in the picture.

Now, you must know that there were deer running wild in the wood ; and, one winter day, a mother-deer came to the house ; and the children fed her.

The mother-deer did not forget their kindness ; and the next summer, when she had a little fawn, or young deer, she came with the fawn to see the children.

The children all came out, — two girls and a baby-boy, —

and Waddle came with them ; and they fed the mother-deer and the fawn ; and the fawn let them put their hands on its soft, warm head. Then the children played with them, and named the mother-deer Beauty, and the fawn Darling ; and at last, as the sun was setting, the two scampered off.

The next day, some young men, with their guns and dogs, came into the woods ; and, on seeing Beauty and Darling, one of the young men fired at them. But he was not a good marksman ; for he did not hit either Beauty or Darling.

Now, what do you think Beauty and Darling did, when they found that the young men and the dogs were bent on killing them ? Why, they ran straight to their good friends, the Morton children ; and Mary, the eldest child, let them come inside of the gate, and then shut it tight.

Soon the strange dogs came up, and barked ; and this put little Waddle into such a rage, that he barked back as if he would split his throat.

Then the young men came up, all ready to fire again at the deer : but, when they saw Mr. Morton coming out of the house with a big horsewhip in his hand, they turned about, and ran away very quickly ; for they knew they were trespassing on his grounds.

So Beauty and Darling were saved, much to the joy of the children, and lived long and happily in those woods.

UNCLE CHARLES.

THE FANCY-DANCE.

SHALL I play you a waltz, or a jig ?

A hornpipe, a march, a cotillon ?

Take your choice ; for I don't care a fig :

I'll scrape you out tunes by the million.

Choose partners! All right! To your places!
Come, Ponto, and make your best bow:
Take your steps; show the ladies what grace is.
A bow, sir, is not a bow-wow.



Off you go! round and round, hand in hand!
Right and left! Promenade down the middle!
Keep it up now! Oh! isn't it grand
To know how to play on the fiddle!



TOO LATE FOR BREAKFAST.

"WHY are you late to breakfast, my daughter?" asked Emma's father, as she entered the room where the maid had just cleared away the dishes.

"I have been sitting up in my bed, reading a book," replied Emma. "I had no idea it was so late. I am so sorry I was not here to pour out your coffee!"

"Reading in bed is a bad habit, my dear," said her father. "It will do for those who are too ill to rise, like your poor mother; but, for little maidens like you, it is not quite the thing."

"I shall not relish my breakfast, since I have been so heedless as to let you eat yours all alone, sir," said Emma.

"Don't fret over it any more, my daughter," said papa. "Eat your food; and to-morrow you shall be here bright and early to pour out my coffee for me."

You may be quite sure, that the next morning Emma did not sit up in bed reading her book after the breakfast-bell had rung.

She rose at six o'clock ; and, after the table was set, she sat



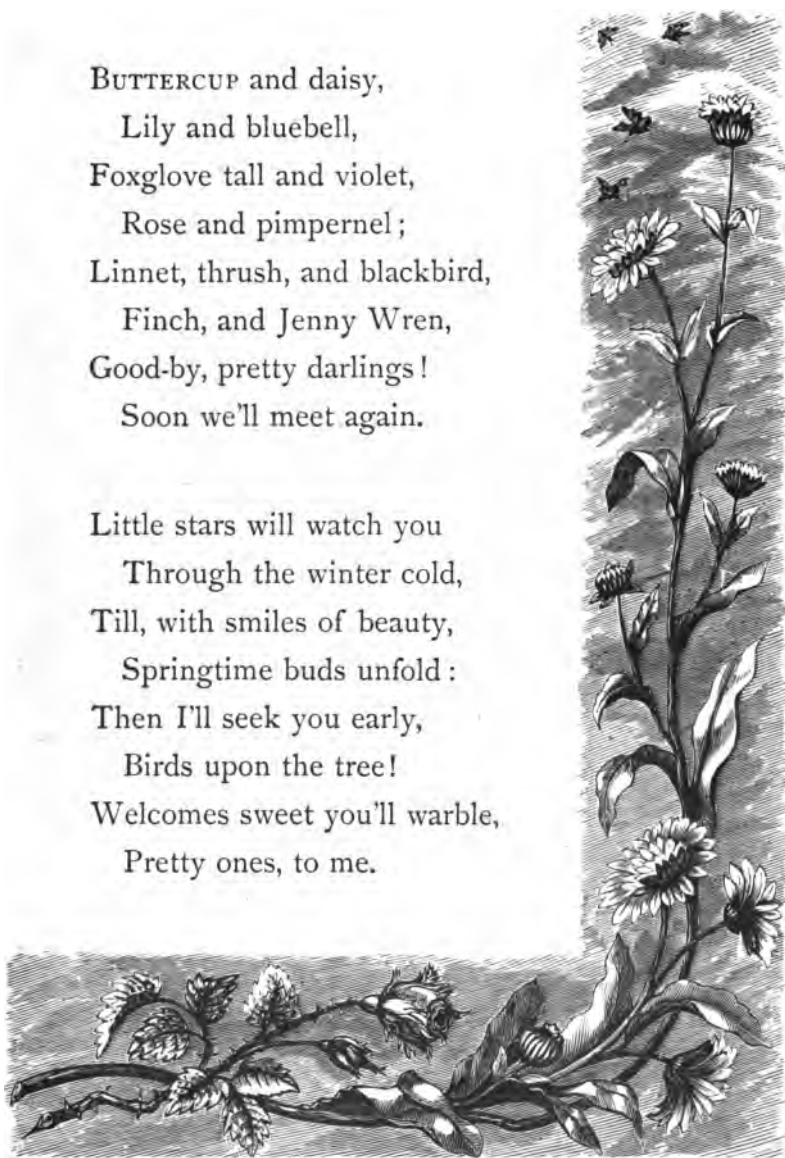
down and read her book till her father came in, and bade her good-morning with a kiss.

Then papa read his newspaper, and Emma poured out his coffee for him : and he asked of her what book she had been reading ; and she said she had been reading "The Nursery."

GOOD-BY, BIRDS AND FLOWERS.

BUTTERCUP and daisy,
Lily and bluebell,
Foxglove tall and violet,
Rose and pimpernel;
Linnet, thrush, and blackbird,
Finch, and Jenny Wren,
Good-by, pretty darlings!
Soon we'll meet again.

Little stars will watch you
Through the winter cold,
Till, with smiles of beauty,
Springtime buds unfold:
Then I'll seek you early,
Birds upon the tree!
Welcomes sweet you'll warble,
Pretty ones, to me.





I will catch you, lily,
Laughing in your bed ;
I will kiss you, daisy,
Till your cheeks be red.
You may hide, sweet pansy :
I will find you out,
Where you, from your moss-couch,
Shyly peep about.

Buttercup so dainty,
I will have your gold ;
Bluebell, pink, and foxglove,
All the gems you hold !
Good-by, then, till springtime,
Till the rosy hours ;
Then will I be with you,
Pretty birds and flowers !

MATTHIAS BARR.





BLIND-MAN'S-BUFF.



ELL me how many little girls and boys you see in that fine large room in the picture, playing blind-man's-buff. Is there not a little dog, too, trying to join in the sport?

Such was the scene in my Aunt Mary's parlor one cold day in December, just before Christmas. The snow had fallen during the night, and had covered the ground, so that there was no path broken for us to the school-house.

"Hurrah! School will not keep to-day; school will not keep to-day!" cried Cousin Robert, the little boy, who, in the picture, may be seen on the floor.

"Now for a frolic! What shall it be?" cried his brother Edwin.

"Shall it be blind-man's-buff?" said I.

"Yes, if you will be the blind man," replied my Cousin Emma, the tallest girl of the party.

I consented; and the bandage was put round my eyes. And there, in the picture, you may see me as I stood, with Ruth, and little curly-headed Jenny, and Robert, on my left; and Ellen, Emma, Edwin, little Grace, and Barker the dog, on my right.

Now look at the picture, and guess which one it was of that little group that I caught.

My cousins were not rude, noisy girls, and boys. They played merrily, but gently. They would pat me on the arm or head, and twirl me round now and then; but they would not try to make me trip, and hurt myself. No: they loved me too well for that.

Perhaps you would like to know if I peeped from under

my bandage. No: I did not peep; I did not cheat: I was true to the spirit of the game. I groped my way round till I caught a little girl, and put my hand on her curly head.

It was now my part to tell whom I had caught. I must not take off my bandage, I must not stop from being the blind man, till I guessed rightly who it was I had hold of.

At last I cried out, "It is Cousin Grace! I know her by the beads round her neck, and by the figure of Punch she has in her hand."

Well, Grace now had to be the blind man; and she caught Robert, and he caught Emma. And so we kept up the game till we were all tired; and then we sat down, and Emma read to us a poem from a book.

It was a poem about Christmas; and it began with these lines: —

"Now, he who knows Old Christmas, he knows a carle of worth;
For he is as good a fellow as any upon the earth.
He comes warm cloaked and coated, and buttoned up to the chin;
And, soon as he comes nigh the door, we open, and let him in."

NEW-YORK CITY.

MRS. HENRY A. WHITE.





THE DOCTOR'S BOY.

HERE'S Master Jim ! a doctor's boy is he,
As proud as any doctor's boy can be,
With basket on his arm, and cap on head :
He's waited for at many an anxious bed.

He must not loiter idly in the street,
Nor play with former comrades he may meet.
He carries medicine now ; and who shall say
But he may be a doctor some fine day ?

The golden rule of life now hear me tell :
Do what you ought to do, and do it well.
Be faithful, prompt, and earnest ; shun delay ;
First do your work, nor think till then of play.

FROM THE GERMAN.





HOW HARRY HELPED HIS FATHER.

IN FIVE SCENES. — ILLUSTRATED BY FROLICH.

I.

HARRY's father has looked over all the papers in his closet, but cannot find the one he wants. He is putting the papers back again. Harry is helping him.



II.

While his father is searching on an upper shelf, Harry picks up a piece of paper on the floor, and draws a picture of the cat. He tries to show how she looked when he pulled her tail. He makes a profile-sketch, beginning with the ears, and coming round gradually to the tail and fore-feet. Lastly he puts in the eye.



III.

Harry finishes his picture. He looks at it. He is very well pleased with it. He thinks it is a very fine piece of work. He likes it so well that he thinks he will make another picture, showing how Pussy ought to be punished



IV.

for her bad conduct. Holding Pussy's likeness in his right hand, Harry picks up another piece of paper, and asks if he may have it to draw upon. It is the very paper his father had been seeking for all this time.



V.

Harry receives a whole stick of candy as a reward for finding the paper. He seizes it with delight. He has never had quite so much at one time before. His father tells him that it must last him two or three days. I wonder if it will. If that stick of barley candy is not all eaten in half a day, I shall be very much mistaken.

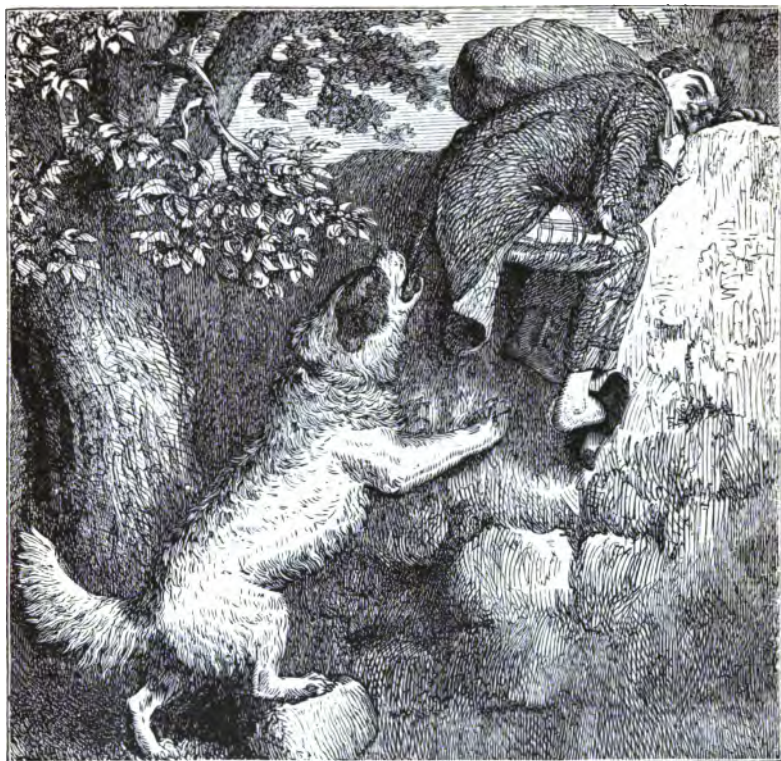


COUNTING THE FINGERS.

THIS is the thumb, you see ;
This finger shakes the tree ;
And then this finger comes up ;
And this one eats the plums up ;
This little one, says he,
“ I'll tell of you, you'll see ! ”

That one is the thumb ;
And this one wants a plum :
This one says, “ Where do they grow ? ”
This one says, “ Come with me, — I know : ”
But this little one, he says,
“ I will not go near the place ;
I don't like such naughty ways.”

Now, I think, that, through and through,
Little finger's right ; don't you ?



THE BOY WHO STOLE APPLES.

RALPH was a big boy, who went one day into an orchard to steal apples. He had a bag with him, in which he put the stolen fruit. This bag he filled, and, throwing it over his back, crept away with it out of the field.

But he did not know that an old dog, whose name was Bruiser, was on the lookout, under a tree near some rocks, to see that his master was not robbed.

As Ralph tried to climb the rocks, Bruiser rushed out, and seized him by the flap of his coat. Ralph tried to

make him let go his hold ; but Bruiser would not be driven off.

Soon the owner of the orchard came along, and found Bruiser holding on to Ralph, and Ralph in a great fright. The apples were taken from him, and he was put in jail.

In jail, Ralph had time to think ; and he made up his mind that it was mean and wicked to steal. When he was let out of jail, he led a good life, and did not steal again. "Do as you would be done by" is now the rule by which he acts.

IDA FAY.



THE MOTHER-BIRD.



"PEEP, peep, peep !" says she ;
 "One, two, three, one, two, three,
 Little birds who wait for me !

"One is yellow, two are brown ;
 And their throats are soft with down :
 On each head a scarlet crown.

"Mother-bird is flying fast ;
 Soon your hunger will be past :
 Here is mother, come at last.

"Peep, peep, peep !" says she ;
 "And can it be ? — ah ! can it be ? —
 No little ones are here for me."

In vain her cry, in vain her quest.
 A thoughtless boy has robbed her nest :
 She looks around with aching breast.

FANNIE BENEDICT.



PANSY'S GOOSE.

A GOOSE will sometimes grow fond of a person who is kind to it. There is a true story told of a goose who was saved by a dog from the grip of a fox; after which, the goose would follow the dog about, and show its love in many ways.

There is another true story of a goose who loved an old blind woman so much, that, with its bill, it would take hold of her dress, and so lead her quite safely along the road to church.

My little friend Pansy has a fine gray goose, who seems to know as much as a dog. Pansy calls this goose Queer; and that I think is a queer name for a goose.

Queer loves to follow Pansy, about the garden, and will let her smooth its soft feathers with her hand. Pansy taught Queer to make a bow, also to pick up her hat from the ground.

Pansy sometimes scolds Queer; and then the poor goose will turn away, and seem quite troubled. But when she says, "Come here, you good, dear Queer, I was only in fun," then Queer will go up to her, and seem glad to have her pat its head, and rub its neck.

Pansy is kind to all the birds and beasts on her father's farm; and I think they all love her, and are glad to see her come near them.

ANNA LIVINGSTON.



THE FOX AND THE CHICKENS.



ONCE there was a little boy who lived up among the White Mountains. He had a fox that had his hole in the side of a mountain.

The little boy used to give the fox bread and milk to eat. The fox would take the bread out of the milk with his fore-paws, and would spread the bread round his hole.

By and by, the old hen and her chickens would begin to eat the bread; when, suddenly, the fox would spring out of his hole, and seize a chicken, and run back into his hole with it, so that the old hen could not catch him.

This is a true story.

GEORGE D. CRAWFORD, aged 8 years.



A SILHOUETTE.

THIS is a hard word for little readers. It is a name given to a profile cut out from black paper, and pasted on white. In the picture here given, a big boy, whom we will call Black Peter, is cutting out a silhouette for a small boy, who is eagerly waiting to see it. The picture shows you how a silhouette looks. It was done by quite a famous artist, Mr. Paul Konewka. Sometimes we call a picture of this kind a *scissors picture*, because it may be cut out from black paper with scissors. It got its name of "Silhouette" from a French statesman.

THE ORPHAN SISTERS.

RUTH and Rachel were sisters. They lived in the south of France. Ruth was six years old, and Rachel was sixteen. Their parents were both dead; and Rachel had to take care of her little sister and of herself.

To do this she had to work hard. She took clothes in to wash. The two sisters would go round from house to house, in the town near by, and bring home bundles and baskets of clothes for the wash-tub.

They had little time to play, and little time to study. To earn their daily bread they must rise early, and keep busy all day. But they loved each other, and were happy, and grateful to God.

One fine day in autumn, as they were on their way home from a long walk, with a bundle and basket of soiled linen, they sat down on a rock to rest, and to see the sun set. There was a sweet sound of bells from the little church near by.

"God is very good to us, my dear little sister," said Rachel. "We have our health and our strength; and, though we are quite poor, we earn enough to live upon. I think our dear parents would be happy if they could see us now."

"Perhaps God will let them see us," said little Ruth. "Perhaps they may see *us*, though we may not see *them*."

"I sometimes think it may be so," said Rachel. "How sweet and soft the air is, and how bright the sky is in the west! We shall have another fine day to-morrow. Now let us say our prayers, and then go home."

So they said their prayers, and then went home, cheerful at heart, and quite ready for a sound, sweet sleep.

EMILY CARTER.



JOHNNY'S FIRST SNOW-STORM.

JOHNNY REED was a little boy who never saw a snow-storm till he was six years old. Before this, he had lived in a warm country, where the sun shines down on beautiful orange-groves, and fields always sweet with flowers. In the winter *there*, rain falls instead of snow.

But now he had come to visit his grandmother, who lived where the snow falls in winter. And Johnny was standing at the window when the snow came down.

"O mamma!" he cried joyfully, "do come quick, and see all these little white birds flying down from heaven!"

"They are not birds, Johnny," said mamma, smiling.

"Then maybe the little angels are dancing, and losing their feathers! Oh! do tell me what it is: is it sugar? Let me taste it," said Johnny.

But, when he tasted it, he gave a little jump, it was so cold.

"It is snow, Johnny," said his mother.

"And what is snow, mother?"

"The snow-flakes, Johnny, are little drops of water that fall from the clouds. But the air through which they pass is so cold, it freezes them; and they come down turned to snow. In the summer, here, it is too warm for snow; but the winter is very cold."

As she said this, she brought out an old black hat from the closet.

"See, Johnny, I have caught a snow-flake on this hat. Look quick through this glass, and you will see how beautiful it is."

Johnny looked through the glass. There lay the snow-flake like a lovely little star.

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star," he cried in delight. "Oh! please show me more."

So his mamma caught several more. They were all beautiful; yet no one was shaped like another.



The next day, Johnny had a fine play in the snow; and, when he came in, he said, "I love snow; and I think snow-balls are a great deal prettier than oranges."

BROOKLYN, N.Y.

CLARA BROUGHTON.



ROUGH AND THE ROBIN.

OUR dog Rough was not a handsome dog; but he was kind and good. He grew quite fond of a little robin that used to come to sip water out of his basin.

The robin would perch on the edge, and sing a sweet song; and Rough would be so glad to hear it, that he would show his joy by rattling his chain, or by leaping up and trying to play.

He used to be chained to his kennel near the barn-yard, so that he might bark when any thief or strange dog came near. It was hard to keep so good a dog chained.

Rough did not like to be chained. He liked to go off with the men in the fields and woods, and by the side of the lake where he could swim.

But, when he was chained, he would not feel sad, if the little robin would only come and sing to him.

The little robin grew so bold, that he would sometimes perch on Rough's head, and sing his song there.



Was it not odd that a big dog like Rough should be so fond of a little robin? I think, if any dog had come to harm the robin, Rough would have broken his chain to help his little friend.

EMILY CARTER.



CHIMNEY-TOPS.

“Ah! the morning is gray ;
And what kind of a day
Is it likely to be ?”

“You must look up, and see
What the chimney-tops say.

“If the smoke from the mouth
Of the chimney goes south,
’Tis the north wind, that blows
From the country of snows :
Look out for rough weather ;
The cold and the north wind
Are always together.

“If the smoke pouring forth
From the chimney goes north,

A mild day it will be,
A warm time we shall see :
The south wind is blowing
From lands where the orange
And fig trees are growing.

"But, if west goes the smoke,
Get your water-proof cloak
And umbrella about :
'Tis the east wind that's out.
A wet day you will find it :
The east wind has always
A storm close behind it.

"But, if east the smoke flies,
We may look for blue skies :
Soon the clouds will take flight,
'Twill be sunny and bright.
The sweetest and best wind
Is surely that fair-weather
Bringer, the west wind."

MARLAN DOUGLAS.

UNCLE CHARLES AND HIS GRANDCHILDREN.

UNCLE CHARLES is a good old man, who has written many nice stories for "The Nursery." Our young readers like him so much, that some of their parents sent to us for his photograph.

Then we went to call on Uncle Charles ; and we asked him to give us his photograph ; but he smiled, and said he would see about it.

Weeks and weeks passed, and he did not send it : he was

a long while seeing about it. At last, we made up our mind that he did not mean to send it.

Now, we knew that our young friends would like to see a good picture of Uncle Charles: so we went to an artist, and we told him to go to the little town where Uncle Charles lives, and to draw a likeness of him slyly, without letting the old man know any thing about it.

This the artist did, and did so well, that we have been much pleased with his picture. He tells us he found Uncle



Charles with a whole troop of grandchildren round him. One of them was seated at his back, on the arm of his chair, and others were running towards him; and one sweet little girl was looking him straight in the face.

Uncle Charles was in the midst of a story, which he was telling to the children.

We are not sure that Uncle Charles will thank us when he gets this copy of "The Nursery," and sees what we have done; but he ought to have sent us his photograph when we asked him for it. Don't you think so?

EMILY CARTER.



HOW JACK MADE BELIEVE HE WAS LAME.

OUR little white po'ny, Jack, was a good pony; but he was a sly one too. One day I was out for a ride, and Jack began to trot lame; and I said, "O poor, poor Jack! how lame you are! You must not trot if you are lame: you must go slow, and we will go home as soon as we can."

The sly Jack was glad when I said we must go home; and, as soon as I

made him turn to go home, he put up his ears, and began to trot as well as ever.

“How is this, Jack?” thought I. “You are lame when we are going away from home, but not lame when we are going home. You want to go and play, and eat grass in the field; and that is why you make believe you are lame.”

But I took him home; and the boys led him into the barn, and called my father and our man Bob: and they looked at Jack, and found he was not lame at all. He had been trying to cheat me.

The next time Jack makes believe he is lame, I shall know what to do. I shall let him know that I have a whip. The whip is a fit thing for the horse, or the man, who cheats.



PETER AND HIS FIDDLE.

I ONCE knew a boy who thought he could play on the fiddle. He had seen his uncle play; and it seemed easy enough.

So this boy, whose name we will call Peter, saved up his money, and bought a fiddle. It was a very cheap fiddle; I doubt if anybody could have got much music out of it: but Peter had no doubt that he could play a tune off hand.

He did not like to make the first attempt before the folks: so he found a quiet corner, by the garden-fence, where he thought he could try his fiddle in private. There he seated himself; and Sport, the house-dog, took a seat by his side.

Peter then put the fiddle against his shoulder in a very scientific way, and drew the bow slowly across the strings.

The sound that came forth was very much like a prolonged squeak ; but Peter was pleased with it.

"Ah!" said he, "this is a very fine-toned instrument. Now for a tune! I will begin with 'Home, sweet home.'"

So Peter began to play. He handled his fiddlestick in most excellent time ; but, somehow, he could not make the tune come out right. Still he kept on trying.

An old black spider let herself down from her web, and looked at him in amazement. As to poor Sport, he bore the noise like a hero ; but it was too much for him at last : he opened his jaws slowly, and gave a long, mournful howl.

Now, while this was going on, Peter's father and another gentleman were sitting in the library, not far away ; and, as the windows were open, of course they heard all the music.

"It's that rascally dog, Sport," said Peter's father, "worrying the pigs again. I will have him chained 'up.'"

"It's not pigs," said the other gentleman : "it sounds to me more like somebody sharpening a saw."

Just then, Sport's howl came in by way of chorus. At that, both gentlemen ran to the window and looked out ; and there they saw just what you see in the picture.



A LONG TEAM.

THE FIRST SNOW.



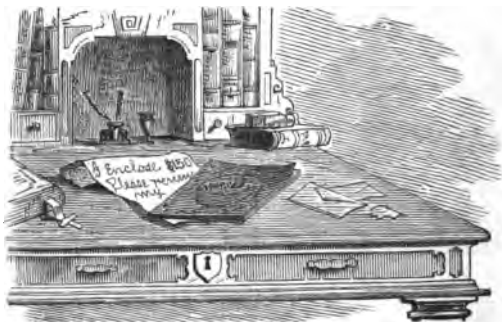
DROP, pretty snowflakes, one by one:
Don't be afraid of the noonday sun.
Build up your palaces, crystal-white,
Aladdin-like, in a single night.

Hide the old fences under your veil ;
Cover the dimples of hill and of dale ;
Don't let the trees go naked, but place
On their shivering limbs a web of your
lace.

Visit the martin-house, if you will,
Or lodge all night on my window-sill ;
Call on the well-sweep, and wreathe it about
With fringes, as well as the water-spout.

Give to the door-bell a fleecy cap ;
Lend the salt-hay cocks an ermine wrap :
And drift just enough to make the world look
As if it had stepped from a fairy-book.

MARY N. PRESCOTT.



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